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THE BETTER FATE.

BY F. HENRY BOYLE.

Safer the violet, lowly-hid and humble,
In some green valley's breast,
Than kingly pine aloft where storm clouds rumble,
Upon the mountain crest.

Softer the roughest hand that brings a blessing,
To one brow marked with care,
Than fairest fingers formed for mild caressing,
Yet closed to sorrow's prayer.

Wiser the halting tongue that's ever gifted,
To speak the needful word,
Than his whose voice was only proudly lifted,
When flatt'ring senates heard.

Brighter the purblind eye that wields its glances,
From Truth's flame in the heart,
Than sweetest smile the best-trained face advances,
When Fashion plays its part.

Better the humble home, and love though lowly,
If pure and true it be,
Than wealth—which wed with loveless vows unholy—
As wide as land and sea.

PENKIVEL;

—OR—

The Mystery of St. Eglon.

CHAPTER XI.—[CONTINUED.]

Erect and firm, though very pale, Madeline came to him swiftly, and stood by his side.

"If he has done you and Lady Crehylls a wrong in forcing me upon your acquaintance," she said, "it is a wrong easily rectified. I am perfectly willing henceforth to look upon you and her as strangers; and I am ready to leave your roof this moment."

"Lord Crehylls," exclaimed Maurice, "do you consider it manly to force such words as these from the lips of a young lady—your guest?"

But Lord Crehylls set his question aside like a feather.

"I insist on it that an explanation is due to me, you do not comprehend this matter, Pellew," he said, setting him aside; "it is an affair between me and Mr. Lanyon. I mean no unkindness to Miss—Miss Sylvester; but he knows how odious, how more than hateful to me, must be the presence of a Sherborne. And I assert that no man in my own house has a right to subject me to torture. Do you still say nothing, Mr. Lanyon? Do you still refuse to give me your reason for doing this?"

Mr. Lanyon's careworn face was turned towards him wistfully as he spoke, as though anxious to catch his words, hoping they would be softer, and when the last angry question fell upon his ear, his courage seemed to break down suddenly, and holding his trembling hands upwards he murmured, "For his sake and hers—great heaven, for his sake! Oh Geoffrey, Geoffrey, you were like a son to me! Your father gave you and your brother into my hands on his deathbed. I was bound to hold you safe."

"Is that all your answer?" said Lord Crehylls, still beside himself with some strange emotion. "Let us talk of these things another time. I ask now, why you took upon yourself the guardianship of the child of such people as Walter Sherborne and his wife?"

"Let me answer you," said Madeline, with the superb calm of her manner still unruffled, still hiding the fiery lava beneath. "He took me, because in the great charity of his heart, he had pity on the orphan, who was cast out both by friends and relations. This woman, now dead, who has left me her money, refused me a shelter them. And so, when all the world forsook me, this noble heart gave me a home, and hid the generous deed even from his daughter. You ask why he called me by a false name, why he has deceived you with regard to my sorrowful parentage. I answer you, it was because he was over-pitiful, over-generous; he wanted to shield me from the curse that clings to the wicked; he thought to give me a city of refuge wherein I should escape from the 'sins of the fathers' which are visited 'upon the children.' Lord Crehylls, twenty times this evening you have insulted me cruelly, twenty times you have shown me the hatred and loathing you have for the blood that runs in my veins; let it suffice that hatred then, to know that I have not escaped this curse. The wall of false honor and respect so generously built up around me, has been no barrier to the shame and pain, the burning pain, that always quivers in my heart. Does that soften you, Lord Crehylls? Or do you, in your unstained rectitude, your nobility and honorable pride, still despise me too much to feel pity?"

As she uttered this, rapidly, but with steadfast calm, and as she raised him, Mr. Lanyon listened with dilated eyes full of haggard fear, and a face that grew wan and shadowy. But above all, he shrank when she appealed to Lord Crehylls' pride and untainted honor.

"Cease, Madeline, cease!" he said grasping her arm with his thin hand.

"I cannot cease," she answered. "I will do you justice. Only a few days ago, Lord Crehylls, I reproached the compassionate heart and hand that had rescued my childhood from misery. I said it would have been better for me if I had been left alone to grow hard and callous beneath the sharp edge of woe and want. I retract that word now. I own myself grateful, most grateful, to Mr. Lanyon; for I see how easy it would have been for him to have left me thus to the world,—I see how hard it was for him to succor me. So hard, that he had to hide the generous deed from his daughter, and to-night he has to lower his head before the reproaches of his son."

She ceased. But she ceased with her arms around Mr. Lanyon, with his head pressed upon her bosom, and her tears and kisses falling on his woe-worn face. And then, raising her head once more, she cried out, "Forgive me, dear! forgive me! I have been so proud and wilful, so unloving and hard. I do not think of all you suffered for my sake—no, not till to-night, and when I heard you reproached for your goodness, when I heard you answer him nothing in reply to his questions, because you were too noble to speak of your kindness, too noble to boast of your own worthy deed."

Like a man bereft of sense, Mr. Lanyon heard her dimly, and strove to free himself from her clinging arms. Her words were torture, her kisses torture, her caressing touch terrible,—he could not bear them; and as he broke from her clasping hands, he tottered, and fell feebly to the ground. Lord Crehylls rushed forward and raised him, and it was then that Maurice, bending over Madeline, put his arm around her tenderly.

"I am justified in my love," he said to himself, proudly; "she is a noble woman, in spite of faults."

But Madeline did not heed his whisper or his caress; she knelt by the side of Mr. Lanyon in an agony of grief.

"We have all spoken selfishly," she cried, "not thinking of his weakness. Lord Crehylls, I meant to quit your house to-night,—now I conquer all my own feelings, and say let me remain and nurse him."

"Stay," said Lord Crehylls; "I have no quarrel with you, Madeline."

Whether it was contrition for the cruel words he had uttered, or grief at Mr. Lanyon's state, or remembrance of his boy-love, who can say? But as he spoke her name, his voice took a strange inflection of tenderness. And at this very instant Lady Crehylls entered the room.

"Here is Agatha," he said, almost wildly; "be silent, I entreat you."

His wife heard his words, and her heart felt cold and dead.

"Your father is ill,—he is taken suddenly ill," said her husband, looking up at her.

Then the room swam around her; and with eyes almost blinded, she took her father's white head from Madeline's hands and laid it on her lap.

CHAPTER XII.

A small, cramped room in a small house, and a sickly woman propped up by pillows on a hard, stiff chair, around her a heap of shreds and patchwork of many colors, and over all the room an unutterable aspect of forlorn wretchedness, discomfort and woe. A broken cage hung at the window, mended here and there roughly with twig and twine, and from within there came at times a feeble chirp showing the wretched little feathery inmate was still within, though lean with famine and grimy with dirt. On the floor sat three hard-faced children, big-eyed and big-mouthed squabbling with each other with spasmodic eagerness born of want and weariness. Upon the woman's lap there lay a heap of little shreds of silk like those littered around her, and with trembling, fevered fingers, she cut them into hearts, diamonds or rounds and sewed them into needle-books and pin-cushions. She did not weep as she worked—she was long past that, but ever and anon a certain tremulous movement of the lip showed that although tears might be repressed, through patience and habit, yet suffering was busy at her heart, and spoke at times in a gasping sob or a weary sigh.

"Be quiet, children!" she cried, eagerly. "I hear a step; run and see if it is your brother Tom." No one stirred. "Why don't you go, Edward?" she said fretfully.

"Because I don't choose," answered the biggest boy. "I'm always on the run. I fetched candles last night and thread this morning. Make Alice go; she never does anything."

"You are a great story," cried the indignant Alice. "I do lots of things. Who tidies the room, I wonder, except me?"

"A pretty sort of tidiness," retorted the boy. "The room is beastly. We are the wretchedest lot in all the row. I heard one of the neighbors say so last night."

Too sickly and feeble to enforce obedience and order, or indeed to do anything except the poor work she held in her trembling fingers, the invalid leant back on the stiff chair, and closed her patient eyes wearily. Then tears came one by one dropping down on her thin hands unheeded.

"The wretchedest lot," she repeated, vaguely. "Yes, none more wretched on the earth. And all my fault—all."

"There, Ted, you have made mother cry," observed Alice. "I'll tell Tom of you."

"She's always crying," said Ted, placidly; "so what does it matter?"

At this moment the step which, during this dialogue, had been heard plainly coming down the dismal, quiet, suburban row, stopped now at the door, and a hand with a sharp jerk pulled the bell.

"That is not Tom," cried the sick woman, and her pale face grew blanched with fear. "Go to the door one of you, and see who it is."

"And suppose it is the tax-gatherer, or the water-rate," asked Alice, "what am I to say?"

"Say your brother is not in, but he'll be sure to attend to it in a day or two."

At this instant a man's face looked in at the window, and the sick woman, letting her work fall from her lap, shrieked aloud.

"It's father," said the gaunt children, in a trembling voice, and the girl Alice began to cry, while the youngest, a boy of four, crept instinctively to his mother's side.

"Open the door," cried the man with an oath.

There was no disobedience now. Both the boy and girl ran frightened to the door, and undid the bolt with trembling hands. Then as they set it open, there came a swaggering step, an oath, a blow, and a smothered cry from the boy, who staggered beneath it.

"We were as quick as we could be, father. Oh don't beat Ted," cried Alice.

The man stopped, and putting his hideous face against the child's, he kissed her. A kiss from such a man seemed worse, more dreadful than a blow, and so the girl seemed to feel it, for she shrank against the wall cowed and shuddering. Passing her, as heedless of this as of all else, the man entered the dingy, untidy room with a careless air, and sat down opposite the wife.

"You don't look particularly glad to see me," he said, with a laugh.

There was no answer, except for the nervous clasping and unclasping of her hands, and the upraised look to Heaven, as though appealing to the justice of God against the injustice of man.

"Well, Mrs. Rathline, I don't exactly expect smiles and kisses on my arrival," continued her husband. "Is there anything to eat and drink in the house?"

"There is a loaf and a bit of salt butter," she said, feebly.

The amiable Mr. Rathline received this intelligence with a face of great disgust.

"Here, Ted," he cried, "come to your mother for some money; and then go and fetch me a plate of hot roast beef at the cook's shop round the corner, and bring a pint of hollands to wet it with."

"I have no money for such things," expostulated his wife, in the same meek way.

"Nonsense! We always kill the fattest calf for the prodigal's return," said Mr. Rathline, playfully; and, making one stride to her chair, he seized her by the wrist with a grasp which seemed strong enough to crush the bone. "Look at these pretty little things," he cried, tossing the bits of silk into the air. "Where are our earnings for these? Oh, we make three or four shillings a week sometimes with our needle and thread. You see I know all about it."

Pale with agony and fear, his victim implored him meekly to release his cruel grasp on her arm.

"I thought you wanted help to find your purse, my dear," said Mr. Rathline.

The hideous assumption of playfulness with which he cruelly twisted her arm as he said this, and finally jerked her from her seat, and flung her like a rag into the corner of the room, was horrible to see. It was an ugly spectacle altogether, the frightened, sobbing woman, the shrieking children, and the brute in man's form, who stood like a torturer over his victims, enjoying their pain. With one hand hanging useless, and livid marks around her wrist, Mrs. Rathline took her purse from her pocket, and gave it to him.

"I wonder you are not ashamed to take it," she said hysterically. "The money is my own—my own earnings. When do you ever bring a penny into the house?"

Ignoring this question, the delighted Mr. Rathline replied only to the preceding remark.

"Your own money! Your own earnings!—eh? That's something new, that is. Apparently, Mrs. Rathline, you are not aware that a married woman can never possess half a crown of her own. You have no money—it is mine; you have no earnings—they are mine. That's the law of the island, that is." And Mr. Rathline looked round the room grimly. "And I should like to know what woman is going to alter it."

During this exposition of the just laws of his country, both Mr. Rathline and his hard-featured boy Ted swelled considerably, as though the beauty, and power, and majesty of this equitable code added to their own individual importance. Alice, however, looked from the one to the other with a face of consternation.

"If that's the law, father," she said, "I'll be lazy as the days are long when I get married."

Mr. Rathline, over whom his daughter appeared to have a slightly softening influence, laughed at this, and patted her on the head.

"That's the law," he repeated; "and so let us see how much money of mine Mrs. Rathline has got in this purse. Only three and sixpence!" he cried, as he emptied the contents into his palm. "Come, come, this won't do at all! You are not going to humbug me like this, Mrs. Rathline. Out with your hoards!"

"You can kill me if you like," said Mrs. Rathline; "but I have not a penny more in the world."

"Will you dare tell me that, when your old aunt, Madge Singleton, is dead?" cried her husband. "You can't blind me; I know all about it. You thought to keep it a secret, I suppose; but you are mistaken."

"My aunt would not help me living, and she has not helped me in dying," replied his wife. "She has left me nothing."

"But she has left a fortune to Tom," he said. "Our 'dear Tom' has got the money. Oh, you can't cheat me! And now you are rich, I am coming back to live among you all again."

This declaration brought a blank look of dismay to the children's faces and the little one clinging to his mother burst into a loud cry.

"You are mistaken," said Mrs. Rathline, as she hushed the child on her lap; "Tom has not come into a fortune; and if he had you have no claim on him. You can't compel my first husband's son to maintain you."

Mr. Rathline smiled contemptuously at this speech. He knew his power, but he knew how to use it.

"But I can compel Tom Singleton's mother, who is my wife, to live with me," he observed, carelessly, "and I shall do it, unless Tom makes it worth my while to keep myself still as a gay bachelor."

"You don't seem to know," continued his wife, trying to speak bravely, "that Tom has not got aunt's money, and can't have it. She has left it between him and Walter Sherborne's daughter, and he is not to have a shilling till the girl is found, nor even then unless——"

She stopped suddenly, for so strange a look had come over Mr. Rathline's face that it checked her speech in amazement.

"Here Ted," he said, huskily, throwing the silver across the table, "take this, and fetch me some dinner; your mother's news are hard to swallow."

The boy departed instantly, and Mr. Rathline stationed himself at the window to watch for his return, and there, with his face completely hidden from her view he ordered his wife to continue her story.

"There's not much more to tell," she said, "except that Aunt Madge has left a queer will. Tom is not to have the money unless he marries her great niece, Margaret Madeline Sherborne, and if he does not fulfil this condition, the money is to accumulate till either Tom or Miss Sherborne dies, then it will be paid over to the survivor."

"When Tom has not got a chance," observed Mr. Rathline, "for the Sherbornes live as long as oaks. Why, your aunt was ninety, wasn't she?"

"Nearly," was the reply—"she was eighty-seven. I know the Sherbornes are wonderfully strong," she added, with a sigh at her own weakness; "but I don't see why Tom should not find this girl, and marry her."

"Find her!" repeated Mr. Rathline. "That's not likely. She has gone to the deuce by this time. But why did old Madge Singleton make such a will?"

"How can I tell?" responded his wife, feebly; "unless it was to give Tom and me trouble. Perhaps she thought she was doing fairly when she left the money between her own great-niece and her husband's great-nephew; but it is my belief she wanted her own blood—the Sherborne girl—to have it all; else why did she make it a condition that Tom should marry her?"

At this point in the conversation Mr. Rathline's dinner made its appearance, and he betook himself to his repast with great cheerfulness, first, however, carefully pocketing the small change left from the three shillings and sixpence. It was nothing to him that he devoured at this meal as much as would have kept his wife and children for two days; it was nothing to him that he had robbed them of the power to procure food for days to come. No consideration for others impaired his appetite; and the more he ate and drank, the more disagreeable he became.

"Well, Mrs. Rathline," he said as he primed himself with a glass of raw spirits, "I am sorry to make a painful observation but unless you can find your husband a little more money, that ill-used individual will be compelled to call in a broker, and dispose of a few of these effects."

"You will not dare to rob us any more!" exclaimed his wife, gasping for breath. "The miserable bit of furniture there is in the house belongs to Tom. I paid for it with his money."

"And because you bought it, and you paid for it, my love, it belongs to me," returned Mr. Rathline, with great ease of manner. The law and the power being on his side, he could afford to keep his temper, and to hear unmoved the tears and cries of his victims.

"If Tom were home you would not dare say so!" exclaimed his wife, with the courage of despair. "You know Tom is gone to Lymington, else you would not be here to day."

"Exactly, my dear," he replied. "Now can you find me any more money?"

A sob was the only answer: and hiding her face with her thin right hand—the left lay swollen and useless in her lap—the wretched wife wept silently.

Mr. Rathline drank another glass of spirits, and then peremptorily ordered Ted to go and fetch a broker. Pending the arrival of this individual, he condescended to explain more fully his present proceedings.

"I am in a fix, Mrs. Rathline," he remarked, "and therefore I must have money. I thought to find you pretty well off, as your aunt was dead; but as things are as they are, I am obliged to sell you up. It is a cursed affair, that old woman raking up those dead and gone Sherbornes. They won't do me any good, nor you either; therefore I shall keep clear of them. It is evident that you and Tom won't get any of this fortune; for, if the girl is found—and I don't believe she will be, she must have died in a ditch or a workhouse long ago—the marriage may be as far off as ever. She may be married already, or she may refuse to marry Tom. What does the will say then?"

Mrs. Rathline looked up at this in weak amazement.

"Refuse to marry Tom!" she said. "Is it likely such a girl as Walter Sherborne's daughter must be will refuse to marry an industrious, good young man like Tom? No indeed. But what I can't bear is, that he should sacrifice himself—as I know he will—for my sake. It is frightful to think that he should be obliged to marry that dreadful man's daughter. I shall hate her, I know I shall."

The answer to this was a strange gulp in Mr. Rathline's throat, followed by a hasty draught of spirits.

"The will!" he cried, hoarsely; "I asked you what the will said?"

"I am sure, Mr. Rathline, I don't know why I should tell you anything—you, who are such a bitter enemy to me," returned the weak Mrs. Rathline, querulously; "and I wouldn't do it, only Tom said you could read the will yourself for a shilling at some place, where the doctors have their commons; so I suppose wills are no secrets, and I may just as well tell you all I can understand about this one. Aunt Madge has left her money very unfairly. If Tom refuses to marry this horrid Sherborne girl he is to have nothing; but if she refuses, she is to have a hundred a year, and all the property when Tom dies. So it is a mere pretence to give the whole to her, that's all; for, sickly and hard-wrought as Tom is, he can't expect to outlive a Sherborne."

"I tell you what I think of it," returned Mr. Rathline, coolly, "and that is, that I wouldn't give Tom sixpence for his chance. So you see, since there is nothing to look forward to in the future, I must grab all I can in the present. I shall let the broker have all the traps in the house cheap—dirt cheap. It will be a sacrifice for me I know but I can't help it. If I only had time I could go to a fellow who would give me a fair price for them; but I haven't got time, so I must just put up with being cheated. It will be a good many pounds out of my pocket, Mrs. Rathline, that it will."

The hard blind brutality of the man spoke so plainly in this speech, that his wife, knowing him, perceived it would be vain indeed to ask for pity. He took the power the law gave him with a selfishness too obtuse to understand its cruelty and its injustice. What was his wife's was his, and he could do what he liked with it; that was the law, and it appeared to his mind an equitable state of things. He was in his right, and there was an end. He even thought himself very generous, when at Alice's intercession, he left her mother her bed, and the stiff chair in which she sat rocking herself to and fro in silent misery!

There are depths of woe, unsentimental, unpoetical, unromantic, which the pen shrinks from touching. They do not tell well in a story, they are too real, too horrible and harrowing, therefore I leave undescribed all that wretchedness, which the triumphant Mr. Rathline quitted with a careless whistle, when, with fifteen pounds in his pocket, he wished his family an affectionate good-bye, and left them to the four bare walls of their dismal dwelling.

CHAPTER XIII.

Justice Pydar called vainly at Castle Crehylls. Mr. Lanyon was too ill to be seen.

"So we must wait, I suppose," observed the old gentleman, testily, "until he is well enough to tell us in whose custody the child quitted St. Eglon's Hut."

"I presume you must," replied Maurice, gravely. Upon which the Justice departed fuming and irate.

In deference to Lord Crehylls' earnest entreaty, Mr. Pellew had given Mr. Pydar this answer.

"Don't tell that meddling old man anything," he had said. "It is better to wait until Mr. Lanyon can explain things himself. And, meanwhile, if there is a legacy left to Madeline, it won't run away."

With this view of things Maurice for a time acquiesced, but there was an irritable feeling in his mind which the courtesy of his host could not soothe. The words Lord Crehylls had used in speaking of and to Madeline had galled him deeply, and out of this irritation there grew upon him a sort of feverish resolve to set the name of Sherborne right with the world. He had looked at this vaguely at first, as a thing within the bounds of possibility; now, he grasped the idea more closely, and began to examine the probabilities of success. The hawker! with him surely lay the solution of the great question of Walter Sherborne's guilt or innocence; for this man, then, he must search, and although, after such a lapse of time, the chance of discovering him might seem faint, yet perseverance and patience would in the end track him down. Never had a man quitted a country, leaving behind him so small a vestige of his presence as this man had. The fact in itself was suspicious. It was noteworthy also that the few who remembered him spoke of him as a sharp dealer, crafty and smooth in his talk, yet of a hasty temper. Fond of money, too, and acute at a bargain, yet he had never claimed the many little debts still owing to him by the farmers' and miners wives and daughters. Such a man must have a very cogent reason, if he were still alive, for never returning to gather in these sums. Surely, nothing short of some strong fear for his own personal safety would deter a greedy trader from seeking to recover his gains.

Thus Maurice argued, after spending two days in random inquiries among the inhabitants of the hills and dales around Crehylls. Madeline's close attendance on Mr. Lanyon had left him free to do this, for had she been with him, he felt such open questioning of the peasantry would have been impossible. It is not necessary to relate at present all he elicited during his inquiry, enough that it made him impatient to return to London. Mr. Lanyon was evidently too ill to travel for some weeks to come, so his visit to Penkivel must be deferred. He wished however that Madeline would return thither, for the coolness of Lady Crehylls toward her was now so perceptible that Maurice chafed at it, as indeed he did at the whole atmosphere of Castle Crehylls. The air was troubled around him, there was a palpable unrest in the quiver of every breath, there was a shadow to be felt, not described which brooded over the heart like the presage of a storm. In this shadow they all sat day by day, and Maurice felt impatient to fling it off, saying within himself, that a frank and open quarrel would be better than this secret fear, this sombre silence. He told Madeline of his intention to return to London, adding his resolve to go round by Lymington and see the solicitors of the late Mrs. Singleton, and ascertain the amount of the legacy bequeathed by her to her great niece.

"I shall be glad to see you independent, Madeline," he said. "I do not like your position here."

"Nor I," she answered. "And after the cruel reproaches used by Lord Crehylls to his father-in-law, I would not have remained a day beneath his roof, if the duty and gratitude I owe to Mr. Lanyon did not imperatively force me to stay."

"Have you had any quarrel with Lady Crehylls?" asked Maurice, anxiously.

A deep flush crimsoned Madeline's face, and she replied, hastily: "No, I have scarcely spoken to her lately. She is a spoiled child, and I suppose there is some crumpled rose-leaf in her path at present, for she is strangely gloomy."

"Perhaps it is anxiety for her father," returned Maurice.

"I don't see why that should make her cool to me," said Madeline, "unless, indeed, she is jealous."

"Jealous!" exclaimed Maurice.

"Yes—of her father's regard. But she need not be," said Madeline, and her lips shook: "for Mr. Lanyon has no love for me. There are times when he can scarcely bear my presence."

Maurice could not believe this.

"It is only the whim of a sick man," he said. "And as for Lady Crehylls, can it be that she knows who you are, and shares her husband's dislike to the name of Sherborne?"

Maurice should not have asked this question of Madeline, and he repented the thoughtless words the moment they were uttered. He saw the pain and bitterness on the proud face, though he could not see how her spirit shrank away from him, or how, in the solitude of her own soul, she told herself that, with all things false around her, she had done wrong to accept his love.

"Lord Crehylls assured me to the contrary yesterday," she returned, coldly. "He also intreated me to keep my name a secret still from his wife, telling me, with some very unnecessary apologies, that although he might bear the presence of a Sherborne himself, he would not ask Lady Crehylls to do so knowingly."

"He insults you," cried Maurice, biting his lip. "Madeline, will you leave this house with me, and permit me to place you in some other home until I can offer you one myself?"

"No," answered Madeline, steadily. "I will not be beholden to any man's charity—not even yours; and I shall not quit Castle Crehylls while Mr. Lanyon hangs between life and death. I have often been unjust and ungrateful to him, not understanding that what he had done for me had cost him so much. It is right now that I should bear for his sake the coldness of his daughter, and the insults o his son. He has borne more for me than these."

"It is always a sense of justice that moves you," said Maurice, smiling, "even when you punish yourself by it, Madeline."

Madeline did not smile in return.

"Yes," she said, gravely: "whatever is just I can suffer patiently. Still, it is hard for me, I confess, to remain here; and the kindest thing you can do for me, Maurice, is to put me in possession, as quickly as possible, of my aunt's legacy. This will, I hope, make me independent. Not that I intend to continue here until then. I shall go the instant Mr. Lanyon is better."

"And where will you go, Madeline?" asked her lover, anxiously.

"If Mr. Lanyon wishes it, I shall return to Penkivel. I owe him too much duty and gratitude to dispute his wishes," she said, calmly, "But if, as I think he will do, he sets me free from his strange adoption of me, and cares not whither I wend my steps, I shall then come to London."

With all her calmness, she could not hide the deep sorrow and wounded affection which spoke in these words.

"To come to London would be the best thing you could do," said Maurice, "both to prove your identity and to receive your legacy. But what reason have you, Madeline, to imagine that, after befriending

you all your life, Mr. Lanyon should be suddenly anxious to cast you off altogether?"

"I have no reason," she replied. "I have only my instincts, which tell me so. I feel that he will do it to please Lord Crehylls. I feel—I cannot tell you why—that neither he, nor Mr. Lanyon himself, could endure to have my true name known in this neighborhood. Their pride shrinks from owning that Walter Sherborne's daughter has been received beneath their roof as a lady and an honored guest. They shrink, too, from the acknowledgement of a long deception—a deception which the world, to whom they have introduced me, would be slow to forgive. If then, by letting Madeline Sherborne lose herself in the great wilderness of London, they can avoid all blame, and all scandal, do you think they will not gladly do it?"

Maurice was silent. He felt that what she said was true. Mr. Lanyon, through kind motive doubtless, had placed himself in an awkward position, and it would be pleasanter for him if Madeline left Cornwall, and only took her true appellation at a distance, where no one could identify Miss Sherborne with his beautiful ward, Miss Sylvester.

"Let us speak of other things, Madeline," said Maurice, abruptly. "I leave you to-morrow, and that thought now swallows up all others. You will write to me often, Madeline?"

"Yes, I will write to you," she answered.

"And do not grudge me a kind word or two," continued her lover. "I shall need some assurance of your affection, Madeline, to convince me, when I am no longer with you, that this is not a dream."

"A dream!" she repeated. Ah, Maurice, I feel it a dream even now, while you are here. When you are gone, I shall think of it as only the shadow of a dream. How can I dare hope to be happy?"

Her lips quivered, and her eyes filled with tears, but she yielded her hand passively to her lover's clasp, and strove to believe the cheering words he uttered; but there was a heavy foreboding at her heart which belied them even as he spoke.

The next day they parted; and as the coach went lumbering on through the day into the night, and from night into day again, Maurice sat silent, and pondered on many things. A few weeks ago, when this same coach had brought him to Crehylls, he had thought of Madeline as Miss Sylvester, Mr. Lanyon's ward—he had thought of her as possessing all the advantages which wealth, honor, and position give. One by one he had seen these defences torn down from her name; he had found that for honor she had dishonor, for position shame, and for wealth poverty. Yet his love had borne the shock of all this, and more—it had borne to see, that in the shadow beneath which she lived, her nature, like a plant kept in darkness, had suffered blight. Mr. Lanyon, by forcing upon her the misery of a secret and the pain of deception, had created around her a solitude in which her thoughts had grown morbid and her spirit bitter. Seeing all this with clear eyes, there grew out of his love a tender pity and forbearance, which no other woman, nursed in happiness and prosperity, could ever hope to receive at his hand. Yet he could not deceive himself. He felt that with such a nature happiness was uncertain, and the shadow of a cloud coming between them might even now separate them for ever.

Arrived at Lymington, Maurice sought out the solicitor of the ancient Mrs. Singleton, and heard with dismay of the singular condition she had annexed to her bequest.

"Miss Sherborne will not marry Mr. Singleton," he said, abruptly.

"But Mr. Singleton is an exceedingly honorable, high-minded man," returned Mr. Brydges; "and I cannot see why the young lady should object to him."

"For the very simple reason that she is engaged to someone else," said Maurice.

The lawyer's countenance fell considerably.

"I am grieved to hear that news," he said. "I fear it will be a sad blow to Mr. Singleton. He was here a day or two ago, and expressed a hope that Miss Sherborne would be found, and that she would prove a genteel young person whom he could like."

"A genteel young person whom he could like!" echoed Maurice, in indignation. "Really, Mr. Singleton is making a great mistake when he talks of Miss Sherborne in this way. What insufferable impertinence!" he added to himself.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SUPERSTITIONS AND THE MOON.—The Tyrolese cure freckles by washing them at night with water in which the moon shines. Crabs caught during full moon and then burned alive and ground to powder, cure hydrophobia. Of course, the moon necessarily assists at all deeds of sorcery, such as casting magic bullets, the manufacture of a divining rod, and the like. The ancient Greeks and Romans considered the moon to be a protection against the evil eye, and they hung small moons made of metal round their necks as amulets. Even the wives and horses of the Romans wore them. The custom has not yet disappeared in Italy and the East. Some years ago Neapolitan ladies used to wear small silver half moons on their arms, as a preservative against epilepsy, which popular belief has always connected with the evil eye. The talismanic crescent has ever been the badge of Islam, and it still glitters on the minarets.

THE DUCKING STOOL.—Specimens of this instrument, formerly used in England, with scolding wives, are still met with there. It consists of a strong oaken frame on low wheels, from which a seat rises upon an inclined beam that works upon a pivot or axle. The scold was lashed into the seat, and then the "institution" was drawn to the river side at a convenient deep place, and rolled in until the patient sat just above the water. Then the land end of the beam was tipped up, and consequently the other end with its lading went down under the water, where it was allowed to remain not too long, and was then raised for breathing time. This process was repeated as often as it was thought beneficial to the lady under treatment, or necessary for the peace of her family and neighborhood.

FLOWERS IN JAPAN.—Chrysanthemums in Japan are trained into numerous quaint shapes, like the old English yew trees, in the forms of peacocks, &c. In Tokio there are gardens filled with life-sized figures made entirely of the flowers and leaves, the faces being masks, and these chrysanthemum figures accurately represent Court ladies, warriors, children, and animals, one of the favorite characters being a young lady with a fox's tail peeping from under her dress, and a mask which by the touch of a string turns into Reynard's head.

ONLY A LITTLE.

Only a little in a great city
To aid the weary struggler in its waves;
Or a little of its boasted pity,
Only a little of the strength that saves.

Only a little of the hoarded treasure
Would pay its owners back, though not in gold.
Only a little of its wasted leisure
Would bring a thousand wanderers to the fold.

Only a little of its joy and gladness
Would take the pressure from the troubled brain.
Only a little care for other's sadness,
Only a little thought of others' pain.

Only a little time to gain a landing
Upon the slippery rocks, a little breath;
Only a little want of understanding—
How close they are, these rivals, life and death!

Only a little mercy, which in praying,
We ask for, and in asking for expect,
A little charity for others' straying,
A little of the faith that we exact.

Only a little of the love that never
Wearies of helping others on their way;
These little things grow large and last forever
Long past the little time on earth we stay.

Grannie's Advice.

BY LUCAS.

"Evelyn May, do stop, won't you? I wish you would listen to me for once." But Evelyn May neither stopped nor listened. "You are a cruel, heartless girl."

"Am I?" she said. "I'm very sorry to hear it;" and she danced away as merrily as a cricket. Presently she came back again. "What is it you have to tell me, Allan Harmesworth? Is it anything new?" If it is, I'll stop and listen."

She seated herself primly on a chair, smoothed her dress, placed her hands together, and, putting on a serio comic face, she declared herself ready, there and then, to hear for once all he had to say.

"If I only knew what to make of you, Evelyn. Do you believe me? Don't you know I love you?"

"Yes," said she, "I know it; what then?"

"Will you give me an answer? Will you tell me whether you love me? Do say yes or no,—do Evelyn darling."

"Oh hush! hush, for pity's sake! Is that all? don't let me have to hear all that over again," said Evelyn. "I shall have to go away, and I have some news for you."

"I don't want to hear any news, Evelyn. There is only one thing I want to know, and that you won't tell me."

"Then I'll tell you my piece of news, Allan, whether you want to hear it or not. George Graham is coming here to-morrow."

"George Graham is nothing to me," said Allan.

"But he isn't nothing to me," replied Evelyn, "he is something very important, indeed. Do you think you can guess what that is?"

"I suppose you mean to let me know that you care for him more than you can ever care for me! Is that it, Evelyn?"

"Well, you see I can't be so rude as to contradict you, but I didn't mean to be quite so confidential as all that," replied Evelyn. "I was only going to tell you that he is my cousin."

"I know that, of course," said Allan.

"Do you, indeed?" said Evelyn. "Well, then, of course I know what you think yourself obliged to tell me of a hundred and fifty times a week; now confess at once that you are a very provoking man."

"Well, Evelyn, I shall go home now," said he. "Will you say good-bye to me?"

"Oh no, you won't go home," said Evelyn. "Grandmamma told me to tell you tea was ready."

And the little wilful lady had her way, for Allan Harmesworth rose and went with her immediately.

Evelyn May was, as can be seen, somewhat of a flirt. But there were three excuses for her—she was very pretty; she had only just passed her sixteenth birthday, and she had been brought up by her grandmother, her mother having died when she was only two years old.

Old Mrs. Cameron was not sorry to see that Evelyn was loved by such a man as Allan Harmesworth, for she knew he was one of those strong, patient natures, who can be entirely trusted in and looked up to through life—a firm, steady, self-reliant character, to whose care she could confidently leave her one treasure when the time should come that Evelyn could no longer have her own protection and love.

True to his letter of the day before, George Graham punctually made his appearance on the morrow to pay a visit to grandmother and cousin at Elmtree Cottage. He was only a year older than Evelyn herself, and not unlike her in character. He was a frank, pleasant, round faced youth, with an abundance of good humor, and full of jokes; eyes that matched Evelyn's own in brightness and mischief, and hair that clustered all over his head in thick brown curls.

"You're grown a bonnie lad, George," was his grandmother's greeting. "Eh! but he's like his father," she added to herself.

"Come along, Evelyn, I'm going to the stream for trout," said George, the morning after his arrival.

"Oh yes, I'll come with you," said Evelyn, disappearing in a moment, and returning almost immediately with a fanciful little white straw hat.

Away they went, and in about half an hour's time were seated in a shady nook by the stream, where, however, they could be seen through the trees from a bend in the high road above.

It was a capital place for fish, and Evelyn sat close by him, watching his proceedings throughout with the greatest amusement.

Allan Harmesworth, passing along the narrow turn of the road, from which could be seen the little recess in the stream, saw her thus sitting by George, intently and eagerly watching all his movements, and laughing at his merry talk.

"She never would sit by me," thought he to himself. "She doesn't care for me at all; why need I ask her any more?" He passed by them unseen, and went into the house. "Good morning, Mrs. Cameron," said he, and he sat down wearily on a chair, and sighed heavily.

"Those two young wild things are gone off by themselves a fishing, I fancy," said the old lady. "You'll, maybe, catch them before they've gone far, if you've the mind."

"No, thank you, I'll stop here," said Allan, and he sighed again.

"Is there anything ails?" asked the old lady, looking up. "You don't look right somehow this morning. What can it be? You needn't be afraid o' telling an old woman like me, Allan Harmesworth," she continued; "I kenned your mother when she was a wee-bit lassie. You musn't be offended if I'm free sometimes with her bairn."

"Oh no," said he, quickly, "don't think that; you are the best and dearest friend I have; but the fact is, I do not believe—indeed, I am sure—Evelyn does not care for me in the least."

"Oh! is that it?" said the old lady, more cheerfully. Then she went on in a graver tone, "why, you see she is but a young thing, and they're oft a bit wilful in their ways when they're right enough at heart. She'll know better by-and-by. Don't take on about it; she'll come to. Many's the lassie that flouts the one she loves the best. But listen to a bit of advice from an old woman, Allan: just let her be for a while, take no notice of her, and don't have anything to say to her; keep away for a bit, and I'll be bound she'll come to. I haven't got eyes for nothing, and I'll warrant she cares more for your little finger than ever she would for all George Graham, and everything belonging to him."

"But it's very hard for me: don't you think so, Mrs. Cameron?"

"Why, why, maybe," she replied; "but you know lasses. Just you go right away, and don't wait here till she thinks fit to come; and if she should have caught sight of you, I shouldn't wonder if the first thing she does is to ask where you are."

Seeing nothing better to be done, Allan Harmesworth went away, to act for a while upon Mrs. Cameron's advice. Presently in came Evelyn talking and laughing with George Graham. They passed the day merrily enough, but as evening drew on, Mrs. Cameron marked how her head was occasionally turned towards the window with a look of inquiry; then, as it became dusk, she took a book, and sat where she could get a view of the road, and Mrs. Cameron felt almost sorry to think of the part she had taken in helping to disappoint her.

But the next day came and then a whole week, and still he came not. George Graham was gone, and Evelyn was miserable. Poor Mrs. Cameron had been ready to cry herself many a time, as she remarked the pale cheeks and swollen eyes when they met at meal times, but somehow she felt herself rather guilty in the matter, and therefore said nothing, waiting impatiently enough, for his reappearance to set all to rights.

The old lady was sitting quietly by herself on the evening of the day which she hoped would be the last of Evelyn's unhappiness, when the door opened, and in came Martha, an old Scotch servant, who had lived with Mrs. Cameron for more than twenty years. Her woe-begone face startled the old lady.

"What is the matter, Martha?"

"Oh, mum, there's matter enough, to be sure. Pray keep it frae Miss Evelyn. Young Master Harmesworth has had a fall from his horse, and his leg is broken. I see'd him myself from the back window in the turn of the lane beside our drive. James came and telled me the doctor had been sent for, and they won't move him till he comes."

Mrs. Cameron rose up deadly pale, but she was no coward, and was always equal to any emergency.

"Martha," she said, "let the south room be at once got ready. He must come here. Poor laddie! he has neither mother nor sister to see to him. I've kenned him from a wee bairn, and I loved his mother weel. Poor laddie!"

Martha left the room in haste to execute her mistress's order. Mrs. Cameron recalled her for a moment, and added—"See that Miss Evelyn puts on her hat and cloak now, before she can hear anything of this, and let her take Mary with her, and go to see how old Mrs. Ramsay is up at The Willows. It will be light for more than two hours yet, and James shall drive over to fetch them home."

Thanks to Martha's dextrous dispatch, it was not very long before Allan Harmesworth was laid on an easy couch, in the most comfortable and cosily-arranged room that could be imagined. The doctor left him, with directions to keep himself very quiet, and, if possible, to sleep soundly.

He was left alone with Mrs. Cameron. She saw the restless, eager look in his eyes, and anticipated his question.

"Evelyn kens nothing at all yet," said she. "I sent her away up to The Willows. She'll not be back these two hours; and when she does come, I'll see her to bed. She shall hear nothing till the morning."

A deep sigh broke from Allan Harmesworth.

"I am afraid I shall have offended her past forgiveness," said he. "She will not care to see me."

"Hush, laddie; I ken better than that," said Mrs. Cameron. "Promise me to set your mind at rest, and try to sleep a bit, and in the morning you shall hear what she says herself."

For the second time, knowing nothing better to be done, poor Allan was obliged to be contented with Mrs. Cameron's arrangements for him.

The next day, while Evelyn was listlessly preparing to descend to the breakfast-room, Martha came, with a request from her grandmother that she would step into the south dressing-room on her way down stairs. Now this room opened into that one where Allan Harmesworth lay, but the door had been taken down when Evelyn was a young child, and a curtain hung instead, the better to hear in case of her waking. The couch was so placed behind this door that the curtain, being partly drawn aside, he could see a pier-glass at the end of the dressing-room, without being able to see any of the room itself, which was long and narrow. Presently he heard a door open softly, and a light but slow footstep—whose could it be? Not Evelyn's surely, she generally came bounding like a young fawn. But the next moment he heard her speaking to the old lady. "There is something unusually strange in her voice," thought he, and his eyes wandered through the partly withdrawn curtain to the pier-glass, the only visible part of the inner room, and there, though he could hardly believe it to be the same, was mirrowed Evelyn's face. How changed it had become in one short week! How pale and sad it looked! and her eyes, hidden by the downcast lids, were they not swollen and red? What could it mean? Surely she could not have been crying. Was it possible that he could have had anything to do with such a change as this? He began to forget himself in pity for that dear miserable little face.

"Well, my dear," began the old lady, "you don't look very bright this morning; how is it?"

Evelyn excused her looks by murmuring something about a headache. Allan Harmesworth almost ventured to think she spoke as if there were just a little heartache besides. But no, it was impossible! Would she not have told him long ago if she had cared for him. Still he looked in the mirror.

Evelyn slowly raised her eyes and met those of her grandmother. They were unusually grave in their expression, and she almost started as the thought flashed across her that there must be something unusual the matter. The old lady anticipated her rising inquiry, and with a kind loving arm drew her grandchild close to her side.

"My poor bairn," she began, "I've seen it all, and many's the thing I've noticed, that perhaps you may think an old woman could never remark; but we can sometimes look under our glasses as well as through them. And now I'm afraid I've some thing very sad to tell you; but you must try and hear it patiently, and be a brave girl. Poor Allan——"

A low wail broke from Evelyn.

"Oh, don't say any more!—don't tell me yet!" she cried. "I've killed him—I know I have! I wouldn't tell him how I loved him, and he left me without one kind word; and I shall never see him now! What shall I do!" and she threw herself on the sofa, weeping bitterly.

"Come, come, my lassie," said the old lady, soothing her, "it's no use to greet like that; it isn't quite as bad as that, after all! There's been an accident, and his leg is broken; but it might have been much worse, ye ken."

She looked up quickly and Allan Harmesworth saw her face in the glass all ruined over with tears, but yet eager and hopeful as it dawned upon her that she might see him again perhaps; and he, too, knew all about it now.

"How foolish I have been!" thought he; "how blind I have been not to have seen that she loved me all along! I have made her miserable for a week through my own stupidity;" and, unable to bear the idea, he abruptly took the management of the little plot out of Mrs. Cameron's hands by calling out, "Evelyn, dear Evelyn, do come and tell me that you have forgiven me for leaving you so long!"

It must be left to the imagination to picture the wonder and astonishment with which Evelyn heard herself thus addressed. It must be confessed also, that her first impulse was to run away; but Mrs. Cameron gently detained her, and led her into the room where Allan Harmesworth, cushioned on the sofa, was only too happy to see her again. After wavering for some little time between laughing and crying, the tears finally prevailed, and for the first time in her life she allowed him to draw her closely to him and kiss her brow. Then he took both her hands in his, and looking up into the downcast eyes, said, "I won't ask you any more whether you love me, Evy; but I must ask you one little question. Will you say 'yes' to it?"

Her fingers tightened over so imperceptibly in his firm grasp, and he said, "When I am better, Evy, as I hope soon to be, will you be my wife?"

A gleam of Evelyn's old self returned, her lips broke into a smile, and a merry twinkle lighted up her eye, but she did not withdraw her hands.

* * * * *

A few months passed by, and one bright, crisp Spring morning, Allan Harmesworth claimed his bride. They took up their abode with kind old Mrs. Cameron, and remained with her while she lived, for Evelyn owed her good grandmother too much to consent to leaving her alone; neither, indeed, would her husband have wished it, for they lived so happily together, that he used often to say that the best resolution he ever made in his life was to take "Grannie's Advice."

RENUNCIATION.

BY NENO.

The autumn evening was closing in, chill and dreary. I sat alone in the twilight, with a miserable lonely pain in my heart. Laurie's last letter was clasped in my hands and Laurie's merry face laughed at me from the bed of glowing anthracite, and beckoned from the shadowy troop, which coming all unbidden from the twilight, held high revel in my room. And then, my thoughts went back into the past, and I was again a girl, on the rocky New England farm, with Laurie as my nearest neighbor, and constant companion.

Together we had attended the little red schoolhouse, had quarreled, and repented, and loved each other dearly all the while.

When the first burning impulse came to the boy, to carve out name and fortune for himself, in the great outside world, it was to me he came for sympathy and encouragement; and when his father, proud of the old homestead, and the old name, desired him to cast his lot, where his ancestors, for ogneations before, had lived and died, I soothed his boyish impatience as best I could and counseled him to wait.

And so the time went on until Laurie was eighteen, then the old homestead, swallowed up in some speculation, passed into the hands of strangers.

For a year, Laurie threw aside his books, and worked bravely and uncomplainingly at the most menial employment to keep his broken-hearted father above want. Then death relieved him of his sacred trust, and he bade me goodbye, with a brave resolute face, and went out alone into the world, to wrest from it the honor and fortune his ambition coveted.

I had never seen my boy in all the weary years since that parting, but every month had brought me a letter from him full of brotherly counsel and encouragement.

He had prospered as the years went by, and already my heart had throbbed, with exulting pride, as I read flattering notices of the "Promising young barrister."

I was thinking of these things, as I sat there in the twilight, of the past, which had brought me so much of toil and care; of the future stretched out grey and leaden before me.

There was but one bright spot, in all the drear expanse, and that was Nell, bright beautiful Nell; for whom I had worked and planned through all the years since my father died, shortly after Laurie left us; leaving me, as his only legacy, my seven year old sister to provide for.

I had not worked in vain: for to night saw me earning a comfortable livelihood as music teacher, and Nell, in the first flush of a glorious womanhood, completing her education at a fashionable school.

Yet spite of this there was a weary, rebellious feeling in my heart to-night. I was tired of toiling and planning, and longed, though I scarcely dared acknowledge it, even to myself, for the love and protection which brightened other women's lives.

"A gentleman to see Miss Mills," said the servant at the door. And I felt a feverish desire to excuse myself to the fond papa or dissatisfied uncle whose errand was doubtless to find fault. Then I remembered it was not for me to indulge in sentimental fancies, and I smoothed my hair and descended to the parlor.

A tall, handsome man arose to meet me, and even when, holding both my hands in his, he was reading my face with an eager, searching glance, I could not connect this bearded stranger with Laurie; until the dear familiar voice said, "My demure little woman, my own heart's ease," and then I was drawn close in his arms, and the great content which fell upon my heart told me, it was not as a brother I loved my boy.

I cannot tell you all he said that night. I only know when I stole up to my room, with his goodnight kiss upon my lips, a vista had opened before me, so wondrously bright, I could scarcely believe my feet would ever pass its shining portals.

Laurie had business in the city which detained him all winter, and the time passed on golden wings.

Only a woman whose life had been as mine, narrowed and bound down to a round of uncongenial toil, can realize how full and perfect was my happiness.

In the Spring Laurie said I must go to the country and get some color in my cheeks before I became his bride in the Autumn. So I engaged board with a friend, close to our dear old home. Laurie came down whenever he could and Nell was to join me in June

Ah! those perfect, perfect days. They passed like a dream.

Laurie was so tender and manly. The future seemed one long summer's day before me.

One evening stands out clear and distinct in my memory, for it was the brightest of all, and the last.

It was a perfect June evening, heavy with the fragrance of flowers, and throbbing with the glad life of summer.

All through the soft falling twilight I played the dear old airs Laurie loved, and when the moonlight flooded the room with a silver radiance, he put his arm about me and drew me out into the garden.

As we walked slowly up and down, he told me of the home he had prepared for me in the West. Of the brilliant prospects which opened before him. Then he spoke of the weary years of toil and discouragement which belonged to the past, and told me that the hope of one day making a home, with me as its mistress, had nerved his arm often, when weary and disheartened, he was ready to succumb to the difficulties which beset his path.

I remember when he stooped to kiss me before we separated that evening, a sudden chill struck cold to my heart, and I clung to him with an undefined dread of something which lurked dark and threatening in the future.

The following day Nell came. My precious queen Nell, who, next to Laurie, was dearer to me than all the world beside.

She was very beautiful, this sister of mine. With eyes blue and fathomless as summer skies, and brown curls, with a dash of sunshine in every tendril.

I knew it would end, from the first moment they met. I saw her bright eye sink beneath his earnest gaze and a sudden darkness fell around me; a chill suffocating darkness, which shut out all the brightness of hope from my heart for evermore.

In the course of the evening, he led her to the piano. Nellie's one grand gift was her talent for music. When her fingers touched the keys, her soul spoke in every chord, and her voice rose clear and true as the song of a bird.

As Laurie bent over her, a new light on his handsome face, for his love of music amounted to a passion, I escaped to the garden unnoticed and unmissed, to fight with the mad jealousy and despair which was swelling my heart, almost to bursting.

All through that summer night, I struggled with the mighty love, which had become a part of my being; and in the grey dawn, I knelt down and thanked God for the victory.

It was a bitter struggle; only those to whom such hours have come, know how bitter, but the victory was complete.

When Laurie came to me a few days later, with a white face, poor boy, not to ask his freedom, he was too honorable for that, but to beg me to hasten our wedding day, I gave him back his ring with a calm face and tearless eye; and he never guessed how much it cost me.

The bitterness was past, and there only remained a numb pain in my heart, and a half contemptuous pity, as I looked back on that brief passionate dream of happiness.

They were married a month later, and I stood as bride's maid, and bade them goodbye. I then returned to the old life which stretched out dreary and uninviting before me.

All this happened years ago. The silver threads are thick in my hair, and I know the young people regard me with that mixture of pity and contempt which the young ever bestow upon "old maids."

But the knowledge brings no pain. I bade farewell to my youth on that summer night, long ago, and I have never wished it back.

If my quiet, busy life holds no great happiness, it brings me content and peace.

Laurie has risen to the height of his profession, and has twice represented his state in the Senate.

His fair, young wife has proved herself worthy of him, and by her beauty and grace, lent an added glory to all his triumphs.

When I see her filling her high position with such quiet dignity, and winning the admiration and respect of all with whom she comes into contact, I know it was she and not I who was fitted to be his wife. And it is best as it is.

GREAT INVENTORS.—It is interesting to note the number of important inventions due to the ingenuity of persons whose occupation lay entirely out of the line of mechanical pursuits. Whitney, who invented the cotton gin, was a school teacher, and Fulton, of steamboat fame was an artist painter, as was also Morse, discoverer of the telegraph. Brindley, the greatest civil engineer in England before the present century, was totally deficient in scientific training. Arkwright, the inventor of the spinning machine, was a barber; and Cartwright, the inventor of the power loom, was a clergyman, who had never even seen a weaver at work. Roebuk, the originator of the modern iron manufacture of England, was a physician—and so the list might be much extended.

AN INDIAN JUGGLER'S TRICK.—The editor of a prominent New York journal traveling in India, writes as follows of what the jugglers perform in that country: I have seen a man throw up into the air a number of balls numbered in succession from one upwards. As each went up, and there was no deception about their going up, the ball was seen clearly in the air, getting smaller and smaller till it disappeared altogether out of sight. When they were all up, twenty or more, the operator would politely ask which ball you wanted to see, and then would shout out "No. 1," "No. 15," and so on, as instructed by the spectators, when the ball demanded would bound to his feet, violently from some remote distance.

NEWS OF INTEREST

There are 250,000 school teachers in the United States.

It is estimated that 70,000 box of raisins have been made in California this year.

Receipts at the Paris Exhibition, 19,-653,746 francs. Attendance, 16,032,725 persons.

In Prussia, since 1872, marriages have fallen off 17 per cent.—a sure proof of depression.

The King of Burmah has lately married his own half sister. It is in accordance with a custom of the country.

A torpedo so arranged that it will explode on being disturbed is suggested as a protection against grave robbers.

"What is there you have not on hand?" is said to be the proper way of opening negotiations with a shopkeeper in Russia.

At Gussowka, Russia, a man suspected of incendiarism causing the death of seventy horses, was thrown by the furious populace into the flames.

Not only did the late Rear Admiral Paulding not leave an estate worth millions, but his widow is asking an allowance of $50 a month from Congress.

A retired burglar, the sands of whose life have nearly run out, says that a small terrier in the house is a better watch dog than a big bloodhound.

An English publican died recently from acute inflammation, caused by indulging in a fit of laughter while telling a funny story to one of his customers.

The government of Denmark proposes to devote 1,250,000 crowns to the reconstruction of the plantations destroyed during the insurrection in Santa Cruz.

The 40,000,000 people in the United States, dispersed over an area of more than 3,000,000 of square miles, are served with mails by 77,000 miles of railroad.

In Natal, South Africa, grass is preserved in its green state by burying it in the ground. The grass preserved in this way keeps fresh and sweet for months.

Dean Stanley has exemplified his well-known liberality by consenting to have a memorial window placed in Westminster Abbey in richly-merited honor of Dr. Livingstone.

There are more deaf mutes, idiots and lunatics in Switzerland, in proportion to the population, and fewer people afflicted with blindness, than in any other European country.

Sojourner Truth, who is at least 100 years old, and perhaps, ten or twenty years older, says the date of the second advent of the Lord is near at hand, and "God has given her the foresight to foretell it."

Tournaments have always been popular among the young white men of the South, and now the colored population is asserting its right to enter the arena and have its own "Queens of Love and Beauty."

Considering how well and vigorously the Japanese artists can draw the human figure in action, one is disposed to wonder that they have never learned to draw both hands and feet with something like correctness.

A simple-minded colored man in Georgia cut the "50" from a Confederate bill and pasted it over the "5" on a U. S. Treasury note. The difference was somewhat perceptible and an unexpected arrest was the result.

A San Francisco man sent his affianced wife to remonstrate with his brother, who was a gambler, and try to convert him to a proper mode of life? The mission was in one sense successful, for the gambler was converted—but he married the missionary.

Pope Leo XIII. sits writing at his desk four hours daily, and often works late into the night, sometimes even studying until dawn, when he goes to bed, or not, according to the place of business. He keeps himself continually busy in the Vatican.

It is announced that Lieutenant Zubowich will again put his mare Carnatoc to a severe test. He has gone to England, where he intends endeavoring to cross the English Channel from Dover to Calais on the animal's back, supported by his swimming apparatus.

Captain Kershaw, at the age of twenty, married a girl of thirteen. They lived together unhappily a few months, agreed that that they had wedded too young, and separated. After the lapse of ten years they recently met in Texas, and began matrimony over again.

On the occasion of the marriage of His Royal Highness, the Duke of Connaught, Mr. Henry Irving has been commanded to provide a dramatic entertainment at Windsor Castle. Since the lamented death of the Prince Consort the Queen has not entered the walls of a theatre or witnessed a play.

A queer prophet of a new dispensation has appeared in Ryo, England. He is about thirty years old, and dresses himself in sheep-kin, trimmed with red flannel. He bears a large blackboard, inscribed, "I am the Prophet Elias," and journeys from town to town with a view of saving the human race.

Mrs. Wheeler, of Milwaukee, is convinced that her daughter Kate is insane, because the latter married against parental command. The daughter was arrested and sent to an asylum on fraudulent paper, but the husband, being as energetic as loving, has rescued her. Physicians say that she shows no trace of insanity.

Prince Bismarck, in addition to his other peculiarities, is quite superstitious. He will not sit down at dinner in a party of thirteen; he will not negotiate on the anniversary of such disasters as the battle of Jena; he will conclude no treaty on a Friday; and his whole life is solemnized by the fact that he foresees the year of his own death.

From January, 1876, till May last, twenty-three dead bodies have been cremated in the city of Milan, one of them that of a woman. Four bodies, ascertained to be of the weight of 63, 62, 41 and 39 kilogrammes, have yielded ashes to the weight of between two and three kilogrammes. A kilogramme is about two and one-fifth pounds.

The reason why there are so few instances of heroism in modern times is the total decay of political virtue; we are broken up into small parties and associate only with our families, thus forgetting the public, in our regard for private interest. The ancients were taught rather to live for the benefit of the whole community.

Seek pleasures whenever you can consistently do so. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having made once an agreeable tour, or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure.

The only certain test by which we can ascertain the sincerity of our regard for our friends is the feeling with which we receive the news of their happiness and aggrandizement, the more especially when fortune has raised them above our level.

The idea that religion is a kind of slavery to which none can submit without sacrificing the natural enjoyments of life has ever been the greatest hindrance to its advancement among mankind.

The thoughtful wife holds her apron while her husband picks apples, so as to catch him if he should fall.

A True Woman.

It is the duty of every true woman to look as beautiful as she can. It is her duty to brighten and gladden the world with her loveliness. If nature has denied them this power, it can be remedied by the use of a perfectly harmless beautifier of the skin known as GEO. W. LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH, which will remove all discolorations, tan, freckles, sunburns, and other cutaneous diseases from the skin, leaving it delicate, soft, smooth, clear and perfectly beautiful. Sold by druggists everywhere.

THE COMING OF THE SNOW.

The clouds were copper-dyed all day,
And struggled in each other's way,
Until the darkness drifted down
To the summer-forsaken town.

Said people passing in the lane
"It will be snow," or "'Twill be rain;"
And school-bairns, laughing in a row,
Looked through the panes and wished for snow.

The swollen clouds let nothing fall,
But gath'ring gloom that covered all;
Then came the wind, and shook his wings,
And curled the dead leaves into rings;

He made the shutters move and crack,
And hurtled round the chimney stack;
Then he swept on to shake the trees,
Until they moaned like winter seas.

Soon he went whistling o'er the hill
And all the trees again stood still;
Then through the dark the snow came down
And muffled all the sleeping town.

The keen stars looked out through the night
And flecked the boughs with flakes of light;
And moving clouds revealed the moon,
To make on earth a fairy noon.

Then winter went unto his throne,
That with a million diamonds shone;
A crown of stars was on his head,
And round him his rich robes were spread.

At morn the bairns laughed with delight,
To see the fields and hedges white;
And folk said as they hurried past,
"Good morning—Winter's come at last."

WEAKER THAN A WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE COST OF HER LOVE," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT."

CHAPTER XXVI—[CONTINUED.]

She saw a spasm of pain pass over his handsome face; his lips trembled.

"Do not agitate yourself," she said kindly. "Do not tell me if it pains you."

"All the world—all my world—knows it," he replied. "I will tell you, Lady Maude. I ran, mad, blind, reckless, from those bells because they are chiming in honor of the marriage of the girl I loved—the girl who had promised to marry me."

"Surely," said Lady Maude, with a light breaking over her face, "you do not mean your pretty golden-haired sweetheart, Violet Haye? Your father told us about her that day at the Towers."

"Yes; she has married Sir Owen Chevenix to-day, and the wedding-bells were driving me mad."

"Poor boy," said Lady Maude, rather to herself than to him, "I am not surprised at it. You shall not tell me about it now," added Lady Maude, after a silence of some few seconds. "It is the old story, I suppose, of trust and love, folly and treachery. Tell me of your home, your father—I was always very fond of your father. How is he?"

Sympathy was so sweet. They were sitting under the great boughs of the spreading elm. Lady Maude's just and gentle heart ached with pity for him. It seemed to him such a relief to talk to her. He felt weak and languid—woman's sweet soft words, woman's pity and sympathy, were very acceptable to him just then.

He did not speak of Violet, but he told her the story of his father's bitter trials—how Mrs. Hardman's money was left to them, how happy it had made them, what plans and hopes they had built on it; then of the disputed will, the trial, the verdict; how his father's business had fallen away from him, and his old friends had one by one deserted him, all but Eva Lester; and he told her how Eva had come to offer her fortune to them.

Lady Maude's eyes filled with tears as she listened.

"That is a girl after my own heart," she said. "That is just one of the things I should have done myself. But do you mean to tell me, Mr. Lonsdale, that this is the outcome of English law? I have never heard of so cruel a case. All who know your father know that he is incapable of doing wrong as any man in England—in fact, he would not do wrong—he is one of the honestest and noblest of men. I have always heard him so highly spoken of. You do not mean to say that his fellow-townsmen and the old friends who have known him for years stand aloof from him for this?"

She spoke with angry indignation that did his heart good to hear.

"It is true," he replied; "and, what is more, they have withdrawn their business from him—some under one pretext, some under another. We have had a struggle such as few could understand, and my great fear is that my father will never be a strong man again."

"He wants a reaction," she said—"something that would put him back into his place—that would reinstate him in public opinion; and he shall have it. I will tell this story, just as you have told it to me, to the Earl my father, and I am sure this is one of the wrongs he will hasten to redress. I am glad that I have seen you, glad that you have trusted me. There has been a gross miscarriage of justice."

"Human laws must always be more or less imperfect," returned Felix. "It is only the Divine laws that have no flaw."

"Tell me more of Eva Lester," said Lady Maude. "Your fair false Violet does not interest me, but Eva Lester does. I love noble women—tell me more of her."

He told of her patience, her heroism, her noble, gentle, generous life; and Lady Maude, looking at him, wondered why, when he understood the beauty of her fair soul so well, he had not loved her in preference to Violet.

"Men are all the same," she thought; "a fair face will lead them in any direction. They lose their heads when beauty comes upon the scene; they are not strong-minded as a rule." Then with a smile she looked up at Felix.

"The little mouse in the fable freed the lion. I will be the mouse in this instance, and I promise you such help for your father as shall make his troubles really a blessing in disguise."

He thought of Eva's words and repeated them to her. She smiled.

"Your friend Eve is right," she said. "Sorrow is often a blessing in disguise. I am glad that I have met you; you will go home all the happier for knowing that the hour of your father's triumph is at hand. You will have something to distract your thoughts from fair false Violet; and, remembering my promise, the fourteenth of September, her wedding-day, will not be the most unhappy day of your life after all."

He thanked her until the tears came into her eyes again; and then he told her that he was better, and asked her to let him walk with her to the end of the woods. When he tried to get up, he looked very white and ill—she almost feared for him; but the giddiness soon passed, and they walked together to where she had left her drawing-materials. He thanked her again and again so simply and earnestly that she was charmed. Then she left him, and went away home.

* * * * * * *

Felix had intended to take up his burden bravely and carry it nobly; but human love and human passion were too strong for him—he could not face the world just yet. He stayed all night in the shelter of the Bramber Woods, doing hard battle with despair; he watched the sun set, and the moon rise; he watched the golden stars come out one by one; he watched the chequered shadows that the moon threw upon the grass; he listened to the wind as it sang its sweet song; he thought of all the moonlit nights on which he had met Violet. He fell asleep for a few short moments, and dreamed that he stood under the wet lilac-bushes with her; her arms were clasped round his neck, her beautiful face was raised to his, and she was scolding him that even in a dream he could believe her false. He woke with a cry of rapture. There lay the cold moonlight, there stood the giant trees, and Violet had married Sir Owen.

All night he stayed there. It was the one terrible battle of his life. He was not ashamed to impart all his sorrows to the listening stars. They had listened to Œnone's wailing when beautiful Paris left his love. This story of man's love and women's folly, of man's trust and womans treachery, of love forsaken and forsworn, was nothing new to them. There were times that night when he almost went mad, when he cried aloud for death. But Heaven was merciful, and death came not. The morning light found him pale, weak, and exhausted; but that one fierce paroxysm had taken the sting of his sorrow away. It was better than if he had gone home and been ill for long days and weeks. That one fierce night of pain exhausted him; when it had passed, he was too weak and too tired to suffer more.

"It is all over, *madre*," he said. Now I shall live down my pain."

Kate looked sadly at the wound on his broad white brow.

"How did you cut yourself so terribly, Felix?" she asked; and he told her. It was one of his great merits that he never spoke a false or evasive word.

* * * * * * *

On the same night Lady Chevenix sat with her husband in a first-class railway-carriage on the road to Paris. They were to spend their honeymoon there, and they had left Dover by that night's steamer. As the night grew darker and the red lights of the signals passed more quickly, she fell into a deep troubled slumber. Her husband looked with exulting pride at the marvellous face with its exquisite beauty; he was glad that she slept—it would rest her, and would help to while the hours away. He tried to sleep, but it was impossible. He was exultant, triumphant; he had won the only thing wanting to complete the happiness of his life. His heart hungered as he looked at the graceful figure of his wife. He noted with pride and pleasure how the handsome traveling dress became her sweet loveliness.

"The folly of that lawyer to imagine that such a woman as this was born to live in a place like Lilford! His year's income would not find her a decent dress. He will recognise his mistake when he sees Lady Chevenix."

It was strange that no feeling of pity for his rival or remorse for his own behavior crossed his mind. He did not seem even to understand that he had done a dishonorable thing. He had outwitted another man, and he was delighted. Then he saw the face that he was watching grow paler in sleep. Suddenly his young wife awoke with a loud cry. He saw her look at both her hands, while her white lips trembled.

"What is it, Violet?" he asked.

"A dream," she replied, shuddering—"only a dream."

"Very horrid things they are too, sometimes," he said. "What did you dream?"

She was still looking at her hands, rubbing the softly-tinted gloves as though she would fain rub something from them. She was too confused to be quick at invention.

"What did you dream?" he repeated—and there was a certain sharpness in his voice.

"I thought that I held a human heart in my hand, and that it was bleeding," she replied.

"That would do for a sensation novel, Violet," he said, laughing. "You have something better than a heart in your hand—you have a diamond ring on your finger worth two hundred pounds, and you have a wedding-ring that makes you Lady Chevenix. Go to sleep again, but dream of diamonds, my dear, not hearts,—as whist-players say, diamonds are trumps."

But sleep had gone from Violet; she watched the skies until morning dawned, and more than once, although she was Lady Chevenix of Garswood, one of the wealthiest women in England, she wished that it were all undone, and that she was Violet Haye again.

On that same night Lady Maude and Lord Arlington talked long and earnestly. She told him the story she had heard, and asked him for help. He thought long over it.

"I know of one way in which I can help him, Maude," he said; "but that will require consideration." Then he said a few words in a low voice.

She clasped her hands.

"Will you do that, papa?" she interrogated. "That would be one of the grandest things in the world. I shall be so pleased—far more pleased than at any good fortune which could happen to myself."

"I will think of it," replied Lord Arlington; and when he spoke in the tone that he did then his daughter knew that he was determined to accomplish what he had in view.

CHAPTER XXVII.

There was great excitement in the town of Lilford. As one man said to another, they might always expect something strange when the Earl came home; but this was stranger than all. The Earl's tenants, and every man in Lilford with whom he did business of any kind, received an invitation to dine with the Earl at the "Bramber Arms."

The "Bramber Arms" was the chief hotel in Lilford. It boasted of a large assembly-room, where the country-balls and the hunt-balls were all given. It was the very stronghold and fortress of the aristocracy of the neighborhood, and its resources were wonderful. The dinner of the tenants was to be served in the assembly-room. People called it a rent dinner, such as the Earl generally gave to his tenants once a year; but they agreed that there was something more in it than that, or why were so many bidden who were not tenants? Why were the doctors, the vicar, and every other person with whom the Earl had any business relations asked, and many more besides? The Earl, it was remarked, rode or drove through Lilford almost every day, and he was sure each day to give three or four invitations. Public and feeling excitement increased. What could the Earl mean by such unlimited hospitality.

The proprietor of the "Bramber Arms" gave glowing accounts of the dinner that was to be prepared. No expense was to be spared. He was to provide the most costly wines, the choicest dishes. He declared that during his business career he had known nothing like it.

Felix heard of the grand banquet, the rent-dinner, as it was called, and went home one evening pleased to have some news that would interest his father. When he reached Vale House he was astonished to find that two letters of invitation were there before him, one for his father and one for himself.

"That is wonderful," he said. "Why has the Earl invited us?"

Nor was his wonder much decreased when in his father's letter he read a few words written in the Earl's own handwriting, and signed "Arlington"—a few kindly words, begging Mr. Lonsdale, if possible, to be present, as he wished very much to see him.

"That means good news for you, father," he said. He had never mentioned his interview with Lady Maude, neither had he forgotten it.

Mr. Lonsdale shook his head gravely.

"There will be no more good news for me in this world, my dear boy—no second Will-o'-the-wisp will ever lead me astray. For the future I shall believe in nothing but what I see."

"You will find that I am right," said Felix. "You will go, father, will you not?"

"Yes, I will go, just to show my fellow-townsmen that, while they treat me as a thief or a swindler, the Earl of Arlington treats me as a gentleman. I will go, if only to show them that. Yet I have some misgivings, Felix. If they avoid me as they have done, it will kill me. Felix, what if his lordship had heard nothing of this story, and has invited me in ignorance? What if, when he finds it out, he avoids me too?"

"My dear father, why dwell on trifles? Lord Arlington says expressly that he wishes to see you. Surely you do not doubt his word? He has been so much in Lilford lately that you may be quite sure that he has heard the whole history."

In his heart Felix felt certain that Lady Maude had told her father all about it, and that this invitation of the Earl's had something to d owith her communication. He placed his arm caressingly round his father's neck.

"You must get better, father," he said, "and come with me."

"I will, Felix; I will do my best," he replied.

Eve Lester came and talked to him; Kate cheered him; and between them the sorrow-stricken man took courage, and resolved to go amongst his friends again. Friends or foes, no matter which, he would go amongst them.

Kate will never forget how she helped him to dress, how she quieted the trembling nerves, while Eva cheered him with brave words.

"I shall remain here until you return," she said, "for I am quite certain you will bring good news with you, though I cannot think what the good news will be."

"I am quite at a loss to imagine why both Eve and you, Felix, should think good fortune lies in store for me," observed Darcy Lonsdale. "I have been under a shadow too long."

But Felix would not listen to one desponding word.

They had engaged a fly to carry them to the "Bramber Arms," and both father and son were surprised at the decorations, the flags, the evergreens, the arches of welcome.

"People show great respect to Lord Arlington," said Darcy Lonsdale—"and well they may, for he is a just man."

Then, together, father and son entered the assembly-room, where the grand banquet was laid. They saw the Earl at the top of the room surrounded by a group of gentlemen.

"I shall go straight to him, Felix," said the lawyer; "there shall be no mistake about it. I will not sit at his table under false pretences."

"You shall do as you will, father; where you lead I shall follow," was Felix's reply.

Darcy Lonsdale walked up to the Earl, but, before he had time to speak to him, Lord Arlington held out his hand and shook it with a hearty grasp.

"I am delighted to see you, Mr. Lonsdale," he said warmly.

But Darcy Lonsdale, looking into the Earl's face, said—

"My lord, before I take advantage of your kindness, let me ask if you have heard my story—if you have heard that I have been charged with influencing one of my clients to leave me money?"

"Yes, I have heard it," replied the Earl.

"Have you heard that a jury of my own countrymen found me guilty, and that my fellow townsmen—the old friends and neighbors whom I have spent my life amongst—in their own minds found me guilty too, and have shown their opinions, most of them, by withdrawing their business with me—the old friends I loved and served my lord?"

The Earl took his hand again.

"I have heard it, Mr. Lonsdale, and regret it. I am glad to have this chance of saying publicly that I disbelieve all that has been said about your guilt, and am proud to take the hand of an honest injured man."

"I thank you, my lord," returned Darcy Lonsdale.

His wonder increased when the Earl, turning to him, said—

"Your place, Mr. Lonsdale, is at my right hand."

The lawyer looked at him in amazement. Lord Arlington smiled.

"Yes, at my right hand," he said; "and after dinner you will know the reason why."

Wondering at this, Darcy Lonsdale took his seat.

"Your son will sit next to you," said Lord Arlington—"I shall want him as well."

Mr. Lonsdale saw the look of wonder from all the gentlemen assembled.

"They are not accustomed to see me so honored," he said to himself bitterly.

Then the grand banquet began, and it was one long remembered in Lilford, because of its grandeur and costliness; those who partook of it described it in few words—it was worthy of the Earl who gave it. It came to a close at last, and the Earl ordered some more wine.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRIC-A-BRAC.

MARRIAGE IN FRANCE.—Bridesmaids in France are replaced by two tiny pages, who are chosen from the prettiest of the boy-relatives of the bride or the bridegroom.

THE LILY.—The lily is of Persian origin; it also is a native of Syria and Italy. Some varieties of it were brought to England and thence to America before 1400. The Guernsey lily came from Japan; the red-colored from South America.

SLAG WOOL.—"Slag wool" produced, as a fine fibre of silica by blowing steam through the slag of the iron furnaces, has been woven by an English firm into strips and sheets. This excellent non-conducting substance, can now, therefore, be very generally applied for clothing boilers or the conducting steam pipes of machinery.

A SINGULAR CASE.—A singular dilemma is reported in life insurance business from Memphis. This summer a man named Tighe died. So did the doctor attending him. So did the undertaker who laid him out. So did the clergyman who officiated at his funeral. The company in which his life was assured delines to pay the amount of the policy, for want of the regular evidence of his death.

THE ELEPHANT IN CAPTIVITY.—In captivity elephants have been known to sleep for months standing up, and in some menageries the keepers infer that the animal is ill if it lies down during the night. In fact, its legs support it so well that one sportsman printed an account of his firing at an elephant over and over again, and at last, coming up to it, found that it had died standing up.

A CONVENIENT JUG.—A country practitioner kept in his office a jug, into which were put the remains of his bottles of medicine, powders, pills, etc., the whole forming a conglomerate of which no man could tell the ingredients. When he had a puzzling case, one in which the diagnosis could not clearly be made out, his practice was to direct a suitable amount from "the jug" to be administered, trusting to time and further observation for a return to more rational treatment.

THE REINDEER.—The docility of the reindeer, so carefully impressed on us in childhood, is declared to be a myth. It seems that he is remarkably difficult to break, and always exceedingly troublesome to catch; while in temperament he is apt to be a dangerous compound of vice, ferocity and hypocrisy. While apparently going pleasantly in harness, he will turn sharply round and make a savage assault on his driver. His master knows him too well to trust him. The Lap is always on the outlook to tumble out of the sledge and turn it over on top of him as a protection against the animal's horns. When the deer is tired of butting the timber, the driver picks himself up, replaces the sledge on its runners, and the pair proceed.

A JUST PUNISHMENT.—Early in the fifteenth century, a band of Highland robbers, headed by one Macdonald of Rosse, having taken a cow from a poor woman, she vowed that she would wear no shoes till she had complained to the King. The savages, in ridicule of her oath, nailed horse-shoes to the soles of her feet. When her wounds were healed, she proceeded to the royal presence, told her story, and showed her scars. The just monarch instantly dispatched an armed force to secure Macdonald, who was brought to Perth, along with twelve of his associates. The King caused them to be shod in the same manner in which they did by the poor woman, and, after they had been for three days exhibited, they were hung.

INDIFFERANCE AT HOME.—Ingratitude and indifference sometimes mar the character of men. A husband returns from his business at evening. During his absence and throughout the livelong day, the wife has been busy with mind and hands preparing some little surprise, some unexpected pleasure, to make his home more attractive than ever. He enters, seemingly sees no more of what has been done to please him than if he were a blind man, and has nothing more to say about it than if he were dumb. Many a loving wife has borne in her heart an abiding sorrow, day after day, from causes like this, until, in process of time, the fire and enthusiasm of her original nature has burned out, and mutual indifference spread its pall over the household.

TWO CELEBRATED TREES.—A correspondent thus describes two celebrated "big trees" of California: The "Father of the Forest," whose huge form how lies prostrate upon the ground, has a diameter of thirty seven feet, and measures 113 feet in circumferance at the base. It must have been 400 feet high when standing. We climbed up by a ladder on the mighty trunk, and walked from the roots toward the top for 300 feet, then were compelled to come down another ladder because the tree had been broken in two by falling. At the break we found the giant sixteen feet in diameter. Through the trunk of the fallen monarch, which is hollow, one can ride for seventy-five feet on horse-back. A party of us walked side by side through the inside of this tree, then we all crawled through a knot-hole. The "Mother of the Forest," now dead but still standing, is 327 feet high. This is the tallest tree on the continent and probably equals any in the world.

THE ELEPHANT.—An idea of the value of the elephant in India may be formed from the fact that a herd of fifty-five, caught in one day, was estimated to represent a profit, after deducting expenses, of $20,000. Many readers will probably be surprised to hear that twice round an elephant's foot is his height, and that there is probably no elephant in India which measures as much as ten feet on the shoulder. On the other hand, what the elephant lacks in height he makes up in longevity.

The opinion of experienced natives is that in captivity he usually attains eighty years, to 120 years and in exceptional cases at least 150 years. The question, "Where do the elephants die?" is apparently as far from solution as ever, as the leading writers on the subject confess that they never came across the carcass of one that had died a natural death.

RUSSIAN PROVINCIAL SOCIETY.—As is the case in many small towns all the world over, gossip reigns supreme. When a new official arrives, expectation is on tiptoe until his wife appears in society. Then Madame is "the cynosure of neighboring eyes. Her features, her complexion, her hair, her dress, and her jewelry are carefully noted and criticised. Perhaps she has brought with her, from the capital or from abroad, some dresses of the newest fashion. As soon as this is discovered she as once becomes an object of special curiosity to the ladies, and of envious jealousy to those who regard as a personal grievance the presence of a toilet more fashionable than her own. She soon forms intimacies, and, having run the gauntlet of criticism herself, enters heartily into the current gossip of the place. When there is no quarrel there is sure to be a scandal afloat. But quarreling and backbiting are not sufficient to fill up all the idle hours. In the forenoons the gentlemen are occupied with their official duties, while the ladies go out shopping or pay visits, and devote any time that remains to household duties and their children; but the day's work is over about four o'clock.

A SINGULAR ESCUTCHEON.—A pair of asses' ears might not be regarded by the casual observer as a very seductive adornment of a noble escutcheon, and yet poor Anthony Fugger was doomed to hand down to his posterity this asinine symbol as an inseparable accompaniment of his Countship in the Holy Roman Empire. He was a rich German banker of the 16th century and made a large loan to Charles V. On the Emperor afterwards writing him Fugger received and entertained him superbly in his mansion. In the huge fire-place a pile of faggots of costly Eastern sandal-wood had been built up on two enormous andirons of massive silver, and the banker, kneeling on one knee before the Emperor, asked the imperial pleasure as to lighting up the pile. The day was chilly, the hall was immense, and the Emperor graciously admitted that a blaze would be agreeable to him. Upon this Fugger drew from the mysterious recesses of the multifarious garments then worn by people of importance a roll of papers, being neither more nor less than the imperial bonds for the loan before mentioned, thrust one end of the roll into a flame of a wax candle, lighted the sandal-wood, and tossed the bonds into the crackling blaze. The Emperor, who combined in himself a rich vein of humor with his good sense rewarded the lavish financier on the spot by making him a Count of the Holy Roman Empire, but added with a twinkle of his cool grey eyes the decree that the Fuggers should bear forever in their escutcheon a handsome pair of "asses' ears."

THE REVIEWER.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The Scribners, of New York, announce the following in their list of new and attractive publications: "A Popular Commentary on the New Testament," by Dr. Philip Schaff. Illustrated. Vol. I. containing the Gospels of Matthew, Mark and Luke. "The Poet and His Master, and other Poems," by Richard Watson Gilder. "The Government of M. Thiers," by Jules Simon. Translated from the French. "Dick Sands, the Boy Captain," by Jules Verne. With numerous illustrations. "The Bohemian." A Tragedy of Modern Life. By Charles de Kay. "History of the Jewish Church," by Dean Stanley. "Goethe and Schiller." With a Commentary on "Faust." By Prof. Boyesen, of Cornell University. "Socrates." A Translation of the Apology, Crito, and Parts of the Phædo of Plato. "The New Day," by Richard Watson Gilder. "Church Polity," by Rev. Chas. Hodge, D. D. From Contributions to Princeton *Review*. Edited by Rev. William Durant. Mrs Burnett's Earlier Stories:—"Lindsay's Luck," "Kathleen," "Pretty Polly Pemberton," "Miss Crespigny." (In Press.) "The Dinner Year Book," by Marion Harland, author of "Common Sense." With Colored Illustrations. "Gates of the Psalm Country," by Rev. Martin R. Vincent, D. D. "Lange's Commentary," Isaiah. Translated and edited by Rev. Dr. Samuel T. Lowrie. "The Normans in Europe," by Rev. A. H. Johnson, M. A., Fellow at Oxford. (Epochs of Modern History.) With Taree Colored Maps. "Recollections of Writers," by Charles Cowden Clarke. "Prince Bismarck's Letters," Translated by Fitah Maxse.

FEMININITIES.

Ready-made—The young lady waiting for an offer.

The Marchioness of Lorne wears square-toed, flat-heeled boots.

A woman in Arkansas is the mother of twenty three children, all of whom are living.

A happy mother of male twins enthusiastically refers to her treasures as her "sweet boy and boy."

It is the season for holding fairs, and there are young men in this city who hold one every Sunday night.

The man who dreamt he dwelt in marble halls, woke up to find that the clothes were pulled off from him by his wife.

Give the average American girl her choice between going to heaven and marrying into the nobility, and see how few charms Heaven has for her.

Girt a tree around with bands of steel and it will die. Lace a woman in a corset and she will outlive all the doctors who warned her against it.

One of the saddest and most vexatious trials that come to a girl when she marries is that she has to discharge her mother and depend upon a hired girl.

A dissatisfied mother-in-law stole the marriage certificate of her new daughter in an attempt to get even with her for stealing away the affections of the mother's son.

The custom of kissing the bride is going out of style in California, where one of the fair ones recently slapped the preacher's jaw out of place because he attempted to get the first salute.

"How does my moustache impress you, my dear?" asked a conceited fop of a young lady the other night. "It impresses me with the idea that your upper lip is in mourning for the loss of your brains," she modestly replied.

"Doctor, my daughter seems to be going blind, and she's just getting ready for her wedding, too. Oh, dear me, what is to be done?" "Let her go right on with the wedding, madam, if anything can open her eyes marriage will."

If one-half as much time was spent by some young people preparing for the duties of married life, as they spend quarreling after they are once married, there would be less business for divorce lawyers, and broom handles would last as long again.

Kissing the baby may result in deforming its nose or bringing on near-sightedness. The safest plan is not to kiss a baby of the feminine persuasion until it attains the age of sixteen years. The cartilage of the nose is much stronger then.

The man who declared before he was married that there was something away down in a woman's soul that he could not understand, has now arrived at the conclusion that it is only an irresistible passion to buy out a whole crockery store or tin shop every time she goes into one.

FLYING MACHINES.—A very interesting paper on aeronautics, was lately published in which the writer believes that the solution of the problem of navigating the air in any desired direction is to be attained through apparatus which trusts, both for elevation and propulsion, to the flapping of wings in the manner recommended by Bell-Pettigrew: No part of the wing must be rigid. If made in one piece, the wing must vibrate obliquely and more or less horizontally, twisting and untwisting so as to make figure of eight curves, seizing and letting go the air with wonderful rapidity and avoiding dead points. The entire wing must be under complete control during a cycle of motion. Steam, varying in intensity from every stage of the up and down strokes of a direct piston action, is considered as the proper motive power. Lastly, the roots of the wings must be provided with elastic structures in imitation of the muscles and elastic ligaments of flying animals.

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THE GIVING OF GIFTS.

The giving of gifts has its origin in days so remote that it brings in its associations the "odor of sanctity" fragrant with "incense and burnt offerings," and from its earliest days to the present it has been an interchange of something intended to represent the outward expression of some sentiment or purpose within, and in its various phases has found custom everywhere. To the savage breast it makes a most successful appeal, and exercises a magical influence on the civilized heart; but the manner of giving is always worth more than the gift, for it so quickly displays the presence or absence of that taste and tact which should be among its prominent features; and while it is intended as an "outward expression" of love, friendship, or kindly feeling, and should be bestowed in such a manner as to suggest these sentiments, it frequently falls far below the desired result, and imposes such duties and obligations on the recipient that instead of being a pleasure it becomes only a burden, "and the richest gifts wax poor when the giver proves unkind." There are so many occasions which call for some gift that it frequently becomes a heavy tax on one's purse, and from inability to realize to another all their expectations of its value, one finds it difficult to respond with that gracious willingness which should always inspire a gift, and it perverts the pleasure of giving into an annoying necessity unwillingly obeyed or not at all.

This is why so many people relinquish the custom of giving a gift, on the ground that if they cannot give a costly one they will not give any; but the monied value should be the last thing considered, for although it may appeal by its costliness more quickly to the admiration, one is much more eager to recognize in the gift those elements which can so happily suggest the personal individuality of the giver, which makes the simple creation of one's hands and taste sometimes convey far more sentiment and pleasure than one of rare and costly value. The rich are always expected to make a costly present, and from the many demands which their position imposes, this expectation often deters them from giving any gift rather than incur the penalty of giving a simple one.

The "giving of gifts" is associated with certain anniversaries in life which one should always try to commemorate, but circumstances oftimes make them forgotten and neglected, and all the sentiment they suggest comes and goes unheeded; so the simplest gift which is received on a birthday, a wedding anniversary, or at Christmas, becomes doubly dear from being some friend's kind remembrance of those days. They mark the passing years as milestones in life's journey, and around each there is always lingering some happy thoughts of the pleasure which that friend had brought.

But Christmas time is of all others the gift season of the year. How many associations of the past are then revived in the "giving of gifts!" Each one we give brings back our childhood Christmas days, which always brought some gift; but as one grows old the pleasure lies mostly in the giving; so at Christmas the "giving of gifts" should bring to our thoughts not only those who are happy and can give as we do, but the ones whose lives have fallen in those cheerless places where no gifts are found, and while we enjoy the pleasant warmth and brightness which shines in so many homes at "Merry Christmas" times, we should not forget the many who are left out in the cold whose hearts can see no light but that which is seen reflected without. It is better to distribute one's gifts in a wide and generous simplicity which will reflect some light in many places, than a costly generosity which seeks an object only in a limited channel.

Our gifts should be suggestive of ourselves, so they may typify the friend as well as friendship, and they are then as dear to the one who receives, as they are worthy of the one who gives. Make them like the ways in life in which we place them, and every gift which is given, even though it be small, is in reality great if it be given with affection, for 'tis the will and not the gift which shows the giver.

Our club rates offer such advantages to our subscribers they need no word of recommendation, but should be an irresistible inducement for all to make their club list as large as possible, so as to be benefited by the reduced terms. Those who renew their subscription now, should try to add to their own name as many others as they can obtain, and thereby reduce the price of their own subscription, as well as give their friends the advantage of the reduction. Remember that each name added to a subscription reduces it so much more in price, and divides this advantage with the others sent with it.

SANCTUM CHAT.

THE strongest ties unite the families in the island of Corsica, for every member of a family is bound to assist and protect the other members, even by arms, so that the number of men in a family gives it an importance far greater than their amount of wealth. A young girl who has many brothers or male relatives has a far richer dower than one who is rich only in money or lands. In a recent instance a young man had to decide between two girls in his choice of a wife; one was rich and the other poor, but he chose the latter, because there were no less than seventeen muskets or men in her family, which, according to their customary estimation, far exceeded the value of the other's wealth.

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AS AN evidence of the immense progress made by American products and manufactures abroad, the United States has not only established a regular and profitable sale of American cotton goods in Manchester, and American cutlery and hardware in Birmingham, where, in both places, American goods compete with the greatest success with the British articles, but even plum pudding is shipped to England, potatoes to Ireland, oatmeal to Scotland, toys to Nuremberg, lager beer to Germany, and cheese to England and Germany, so that "sending coal to New Castle" is no longer so paradoxical as it has generally been regarded.

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THE misery and suffering which has been entailed on so many innocent victims of the Glasgow Bank failure have been very great, and the most distressing stories are told of the unfortunate condition of widows and orphans who have been reduced from comfortable circumstances to abject want. Touched by their helpless position, the business men of Scotland have made some attempts towards its alleviation by starting a relief fund, which has already assumed a large amount by generous subscriptions. As fast as the sufferers are discharged from their bank liabilities, through bankruptcy, by some process a portion of the relief fund is turned over to them in such a way as to relieve their pressing necessities.

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IT is a familiar fact to inhabitants in Alpine districts that avalanches rarely fall while the sky remains covered, whereas they fall rapidly and in great number, especially in the morning when the heavens are clear. On this account the monks of the great St. Bernard do not leave the convent in the latter case. M. Dufour attributes this more frequent fall of avalanches to the lowering of temperature when the sky is clear, especially before sunrise. The small filaments of ice which retain the snow on the sides of the mountain then contract and break and the snow begins to slide, carrying down other portions below. It is known that very slight disturbances, the flight of a bird, a few words in a deep voice, etc., suffice to bring down avalanches.

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THE fashionable world finds amusement through many strange methods or channels, in some of which the success depends on the surroundings. In England they have recently introduced the following for winter evening's diversion: It is played by three persons. She sits in a big armchair opposite the fire, divides the whole dozen of little silver bracelets she wears, and then holds up one white arm—finger pointing to the ceiling. The two admirers take half a dozen circles apiece, retire to opposite corners of the fireplace, and throw them, quoit like, at the uplifted finger. A good discobolus sends them rattling down on the arm with a pretty musical chink, and a duffer sends them on the floor and has to pick them up; and she laughs. Of course, the best man wins; and there are prizes. It is called "Go Bangle."

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AN institution of great advantage to agricultural interests exists in France and some other foreign countries under the name of "agronomical stations," where farmers can have soils, fertilizers, plants, etc., analyzed for a trifling expense. Plots of ground are attached to these "field laboratories" where purely scientific agricultural problems are solved by direct experiments. The farm schools are institutions apart, and are more and more assuming approved practices, especially adapted to the husbandry of their locality. Similar institutions in the various agricultural districts of this country would be of incalculable advantage, as well as inducement for emigrants or others seeking a field for industry as well as capital.

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THE constantly increasing ravages of the phylloxera in the wine growing countries have aroused inquiries as to what fruit can produce a wine which, by taste and bouquet, would most resemble the juice of the grape. Experiments have been made and the fact established that the liquid extracted from the orange would constitute a resource which might supply the deficiency created by the destruction of a grape crop. The first trials showed that the oranges are unfit for the purpose when they have attained their full development, and they must not be selected when they have become quite mature, and have a superabundance of sugar, but before they are wholly ripe and containing still a certain amount of citric and malic acid. Four different kinds of wine have been obtained, one of which is produced from the January fruit, and is dry in quality; another wine, quite mellow in quality, is made from April fruit. The taste is agreeable, the color clear and translucent. The experiments have not produced sufficient results to place the article on the market, but attention has been turned to this subject, and its ultimate success will depend on whether the orange can be cultivated in such quantities and with such results as would produce a juice as rich in quality as that of the grape.

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THE rapid changes of color exhibited by various animals, under certain circumstances, have long been a source of scientific interest to the physiologist, and of amusement to the ordinary spectator. The tree-frogs, certain lizards (as the chameleon), numerous species of fish, and the common squid are all well-known examples. Among others specially noteworthy is a long-tailed crab, found in the British Channel, on which some interesting observations have been taken. The changes of color in this case are produced partly by external influence, and partly by the motions of the animal, taking place most rapidly at an elevated temperature. Thus, when exposed to direct or diffused sunlight the animal is nearly transparent, but slightly brown in color, while in the dark it becomes red. If exposed again to the sunlight or to that of a bright lamp, the red disappears; and generally the color by night is very different from that by day. What is especially remarkable, if an eye be removed or destroyed, the animal becomes red, and remains so without further change, no matter what the exposure. Brought down to the temperature of freezing, decoloration also takes place, and the red reappears only when the water becomes warm. The phenomena seem to indicate that the changes in color are affected through the visual organ.

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THERE are many highly educated people who confess to having an unfortunate weakness of memory. It is a faculty which can be cultivated as well as any other mental capacity, and in the cultivation and improvement of the various capacities of the mind, the memory should be regarded as one of the most important, and receive its proportionate amount of attention, the same as any other branch of study. It is not the mechanical memorizing which makes one's memory strong and active, but a careful regard for what are termed the "laws of association," in which are combined the principles of suggestion. If we associate the unfamiliar thing with something which is familiar to us, how much more readily memory will recall the whole subject. This is illustrated by the familiar custom of tying a piece of string on one's finger, which also exists among the Chinese, who tie a piece of string or ribbon to the beard; while in Italy they assist memory by placing a ring in the palm of the hand, which is often done among us by changing the ring to another finger. It was the habit of Demosthenes to thoroughly drill his memory so as to have every thought and word of his speech impressed on his mind before delivery; and many of the great authors memorized their thoughts long before they would be put in writing. Phrenologists tell us that by exercising the memory it can be strengthened so as to remember things quite easily, showing that while it exists primarily as an innate talent with only a certain number, it can be acquired with even a greater capacity by those who are deficient, and who cultivate it by proper methods.

THIS is the most favorable time of the year to make up club lists. There are so many people who have a number of Christmas gifts to make—not only at home, but perhaps have many dear ones who are living in distant places, to whom they wish to send a Christmas remembrance, but are perplexed with the question what to give and how to send their gift. There is no more substantial gift for a friend or relative than a year's subscription to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, for it is not like an ordinary present, either a pleasure of the moment, laid carefully away and lost sight of, or quickly used and destroyed, but it is one which is renewed every week in the year, and each time offers some fresh source of enjoyment to its possessor, while in its weekly visits there is always combined with its own many attractions a pleasant reminder of the giver. In selecting a gift there is always a doubt in one's minds whether it will suit the taste and style of the person, but there can be no doubt that an attractive and entertaining literary paper will suit the mind of any one, and the pleasure such a gift confers will last through the whole year. It is something which can be given to a great many by one person, without incurring the usual invidious remarks of comparison which the duplication of gifts sometimes calls forth, or the criticisms which a low priced gift will arouse. In making up a list of friends to whom one wishes to send the Post, the aggregate cost of all is scarcely equal to the price of any ordinary present, while the price of each subscription would not purchase any kind of a gift its equal in value. It involves no extra expense of sending it to distant places, for the amount of each subscription in a list will guarantee its being safely delivered as a Christmas gift. We are very sure that it will prove one of the most welcome of all the gifts that Christmas brings.

THE SHOWMAN'S LIFE.

A well-known showman writes as follows concerning his professional career: While relating a few of my adventures, I think an explanation of some of my principal fire tricks may perhaps be interesting. During an early engagement I was announced as "Delaroux, the Fire King," and though it was presumed that I was a proficient in the languages of the continent, I of course knew not a word of English; consequently the manager performed the part of talking exhibitor somewhat in this strain: "Ladies and gentlemen, I introduce Monsieur Delaroux in his unequalled feat of swallowing boiling oil. There is no deception. This is an ordinary saucepan, without any preparation. The oil is as hot as it can be made. I pour the contents of the pan into this goblet." (The goblet was an old laboratory mortar of gun-metal, which drew away much of the heat from the oil.) "He will now take a stick of lead and stir the oil until it melts away." (The metal was not lead, but a compound in which bismuth predominated, and which may be procured in the form of teaspoons at any of the principal dealers' in magical toys. These spoons will dissolve in a cup of tea or coffee.) "The lead is melted; he will now drink the oil." At this point I took a spoon, in shape like a punch ladle, but with a much larger handle. Having filled this, I took two turns down the front of the stage, to let the audience have a near view. I then took a wine glass, apparently of the ordinary size, but only holding the contents of a thimble, filled it from the ladle, and drank it off with much show of suffering through the intense heat; but heat there was really none. By this time the oil in the mortar was comparatively cool, and I indulged in a few glasses more of the nauseous stuff.

Another performance was supping a bowlful of burning brandy. The bowl, which was of the commonest stoneware—the management could not afford anything superior—I placed on the table before the audience; the brandy, being tested or rather tasted by one of the "front seats," I poured it into the bowl, and set fire to it. When the flames flashed high, I dipped a dinner-spoon into the brandy; I inverted the bowl of the spoon, and held it blazing before my open mouth; as I was closing my lips upon it, a gentle breath blew out the flame, and nothing entered my mouth but the slightly heated spoon. This fire-supping required to be done speedily, to prevent the spoon becoming overheated. Unknown to the audience, I used another spoon for my next sup, to give the first spoon time for cooling; and I continued supping until the flames died out; finishing the feat by drinking off the small quantity of harmless liquid that was left.

In the above performances no preparation of the mouth was required; but in those I am about to describe I rendered my mouth and skin much less sensitive, even to great heat, by a continual application of liquid borax to the first, and by anointing the second with a preparation of distilled water, sulphuric acid, and onion juice. Having thus made myself as it were fire-proof, I was prepared to eat any quantity of tow, and afterwards blow volumes of smoke out of my mouth, the inside of which was lighted up with a glowing red-heat. This I obtained by slipping a piece of red-hot charcoal powdered with sulphur between my teeth, having before inhaled a long breath, and then breathing smartly, and thus showing a small mass of blue-and-red fire. Some may think that the sulphur rendered the trick more difficult and dangerous; but its action was quite the contrary. In swallowing molten lead, which was not lead but the compound already mentioned, I poured the metal out of the crucible into the palm of my hand; allowed it to rest there for a second or two, by which time it hardened into a lump; and then I showed it on my tongue, and appeared to swallow it. Under the pretence of wiping my lips, I easily removed it unseen. When the booth was well filled, I sometimes wound up my entertainment with dropping melted sealing-wax on my tongue, making an impression on it with a seal, and giving the impressions away to the elite of our patrons.

In my early showman days the only medium of advertising was the bellman of the town or village, who was paid for his services by a free admission for himself and family on the first morning or evening of the performances. We often also had recourse to an indirect method of advertising our show. When not engaged at the booth, our usual resort was the largest and most popular bar-room of the neighborhood. Many a time have I astonished and sometimes terrified the natives by taking with my bare fingers a red-hot coal and lighting my pipe with it; and then carrying it round to the countrymen, offering a light to each.

Of course I was always in a condition of professional preparation during my reign as a Fire King. One evening, after a successful performance I entered a tavern in the little town. I had hardly sat down before I was requested, as being the nearest to the fire, to give it a stir up. A glance round convinced me that I was going to be made the victim of a plot. I seized the large ball which formed the handle of the poker, and which I saw at a glance had been previously heated to redness for the benefit of the first unsuspecting comer. The trick was at that time much in vogue, and never failed to elicit shouts of derisive laughter at the expense of the victim. The poker was cooling down from red-hot. I stirred the fire leisurely. "Don't you find it rather hot?" remarked the lumpy host, winking to his neighbors. "Not at all," I replied; "not warmer than I could have expected it near such a jolly fire. Feel it yourself." I placed the ball in his hand. He uttered some strong language, and danced round the apartment, slapping his singed hand on his thigh, much to the delight of those assembled.

It was at this same town, if I recollect aright, that I performed a wonderful swallowing feat. It was a trick, and the only trick I ever resorted to in the way of actual swallowing. There were many in the town who would not believe in the genuineness of my sword swallowing feat; so I announced that I would swallow three iron rods of nine inches each in length. I employed a confectioner of the town, who was a little bit of a showman in his way, to make me three rods of jujube mixture, and cost them slightly with tinfoil. At the appointed time, before a large and excited audience, I produced the sham rods, and knocking them together, made them ring in such a manner that their metal could not be disputed. The ringing was done by a brother actor, who stood at the side wings and rattled three genuine iron rods together. Bit by bit I swallowed the sweet stuff, thus keeping my promise and silencing the unbelievers.

On one occasion I entered a country inn and put down a small paper parcel on the table. Looking at the fire, I remarked to the proprietor that I did not think it capable of cooking a steak. He agreed with me. Then I said if he would bring me a red-hot poker from the kitchen, I could manage for myself. The poker was brought; I licked the end of it once or twice, and then, in a disappointed manner, said that it was not nearly hot enough. He offered to heat it again. "No," I said "you haven't a fire in the village that can heat it up to please me. Take it up or I'll eat it up before your eyes." On the following morning I entered the same publichouse and called for a glass of ale. "I cannot serve you," said the landlady sternly; "I am not licensed to sell drink to the Evil One!"

I may in conclusion introduce a little feat which is no trick, and which I occasionally performed. I acquired the taste and the power through practice. I could swallow a spoonful of Cayenne pepper as easily as if it were sugar. At a certain tavern parlor I was talking of my fondness for taking capsicums or Cayenne pepper to any amount. Unfortunately, I could not prove my words, as neither of them could be procured. Before the company parted for the night I was invited to give a performance at a neighboring residence. I did so. A banquet followed. I was made the lion of the party. Neither capon or turkey was good enough to set before me. The cook had exerted all her powers in concocting a dish expressly for me. The dainty morsel, for it was little more, both looked and smelt temptingly. I wished to share it with the others; but that was not to be permitted. I was hungry, as showmen always are, and nothing loth to set to. The first mouthful informed my palate that the chief ingredients of the dish were Cayenne and hotter spices, if hotter spices there be. I ate with an appetite; no expected tears came into my eyes; I made no demand for a glass of water or beer. I left not an atom of the cook's achievement, and laid down my knife and fork satisfied with myself, and the same time complimented the cook on her skill. The consequence was a hearty laugh at the cook all round.

USES OF ELECTRICITY.

The ordinary telegraph being liable to be affected by thunder storms, Professor Loomis of Washington proposes an aerial telegraph, by which signals may be transmitted through a system of suspended kites; on the theory that currents of electricity generally in the same plane, exist continually in the air at certain distances from the earth. These currents could, he thinks, be made to take the place of the usual suspended wires. He is said to have reduced this idea to practice, and to have communicated with an assistant at a distance of twelve miles; his only apparatus being two kites, held by fine copper wires in lieu of the usual string. Each kite was flown to a certain altitude; and when a message was transmitted by means of an ordinary instrument by the Professor, it was carried upwards through the copper wire to his kite, was thence conveyed by the natural current of electricity to the other kite twelve miles off, and thence by the wire of the latter to the operator at the other end. Should practical results on a large scale follow later experiments with kites, telephones and phonographs, the present system of conveying telegraphic messages will probably be quite revolutionized. Besides transmitting the various ingenious commercial, political and social codes of secret language, plans and topographical sketches have been sent by telegraph without necessitating a special drawing for the purpose, by means of an invention first exhibited in France.

The value of field telegraphs in a campaign has repeatedly been demonstrated. One of these has recently been devised in Germany. The battery will act at three thousand metres' distance; and the signals appealing to the ear, the eyes of the operator are left free for other purposes.

Passing over these remarkable instruments the telephone, phonograph and microphone, we go on to speak of the other adaptations of this remarkable power. The uses of electricity are well exemplified in the general adoption of lightning conductors and electric bells, and in the beneficial effects of electricity sometimes on health and life. Among useful applications of electricity may be mentioned the electric indicator, an excellent protection against fire and thieves. It consists of two small mahogany boxes, one containing the battery and the other the bell and alarm. Three wires only are required, which may be attached by a particular arrangement to doors, windows or drawers; the opening of which causes electricity to be established, and is instantly followed by an alarm. For the detection and prevention of fire, two wires in connection with a thermometer are used, one of which terminates in the mercury bulb, and the other in the tube at any giving point of temperature; when the mercury reaches this point, metallic connection is completed, and any rise of temperature beyond that point is indicated by the ringing of the fire-alarm.

As applied to music, a whole orchestra of instruments can be made to discourse sweet sounds, like the telephonic harp, through the influence of the same potent agent. But perhaps the most curious use to which the electric battery could well be applied would be the carrying out of the suggestion that electricity could be made to supercede the hangman's noose, by communicating a death shock to the condemned criminal.

A new method of engraving on glass by electricity was not long ago described. The surface of a plate of glass having been covered with a concentrated solution of nitrate of potash, and a horizontal platinum wire connected with one of the poles of an electric battery being placed in the liquid along the edges of the glass, any design may be easily drawn on the glass by touching it on the point at the other end of the platinum wire. The wire forming the pencil is insulated, the tip alone remaining uncovered; and by simply using the wire as an ordinary pencil and tracing imaginary lines on the surface of the glass, the design is permanently reproduced and distinctly engraven thereon.

More generally useful than the wire-pencil referred to for operating on glass, is likely to prove the electric pen, which not unlike an ordinary pencil case in appearance, is connected by a wire to an electric battery. It passes over the paper, leaving no visible effect to an inexperienced eye; but a nearer examination shows that the course of the pen has marked itself by piercing an innumerable quantity of small holes in the paper. This result has been produced by the action of a small needle, which supplies the place usually filled by the lead, and which is thrust out of the end of the instrument by electric agency no less than one hundred and eighty times in every second. Its greatest use at present is as a means of copying documents. The paper with its pricked writing is laid on another sheet, and an inkroller passed over it, and the ink passing through the interstices leaves a copy on the paper below. Some half-a-dozen copies are said to be thus obtained in a minute, and as many as a thousand before the original is worn out.

Equal advances have been made regarding the more general adoption of the electric light, which is now used alike for the peaceful pursuits of commerce and the deadly purposes of war. The substitution to a certain extent of the electric light for the dim candles and feeble oil lamps formerly in all lighthouses, is a vast improvement too obvious to dwell upon. Many will think the same regarding this powerful light as a new ally of the photographer, since, through its means portraits have been taken independent of time and season.

The brilliancy of the electric light makes an attractive illumination on festive occasions; and judging by recent experiments, its rays may shortly be expected to grow very familiar to us in many public buildings. It is admitted that there is still much to be done ere the electric light can be employed with comfort in illuminating halls and rooms of ordinary dimensions; but it can now economically be used both with regard to its intensity and color effect where other modes of lighting are valueless. The electric light being a perfectly colorless white, would be well adapted for illumination of picture galleries, which are seen to anything but advantage in gas-light.

One immense advantage that the electric light possesses over ordinary lights such as gas or candles, is that it is independent of oxygen as a sustaining power. It burns as brightly and as long in a vacuum as in the open air. This has been taken advantage of in illuminating the depths of the sea and recovering lost vessels.

But if electricity lends its aid in the raising of ships, it also contributes to their destruction through the ignition of torpedoes by electric wires. It is at once the bane and antidote, so to speak, in this species of warfare, since ironclads are now fitted with electric lights and reflecting apparatus, likely to be of good service in protecting them from night attacks by torpedo boat.

Electricity, however, can equally be adapted for purposes of attack as for defence, for it seems that on board ship the electric fuse is superseding the old lanyard in the firing of heavy cannon. It is specially convenient for turret guns, as it is not only possible to take better aim by this use of electricity, but the effect of the shots is more terrible, through the concentrated fire of a simultaneous discharge of several projectiles, which will penetrate heavy armor when single shots are comparatively harmless.

As an illuminator for military purposes, the electric light will probably prove very useful. The Russian government have been experimenting lately with the special object of increasing the distance to which the light produced by electricity may be thrown. In these experiments objects were clearly visible at night at a distance of three thousand yards. Such are a few of the uses to which this singular power has already been applied; and yet electricity, like steam, may still be considered in its infancy.

Chinese Doctors.

The standard medical work in China is entitled *The Golden Mirror*, and comprises about forty volumes. Turning to this treatise for information concerning the structure and position of the internal organs, the student of medicine discovers that the lungs are six in number, and are suspended from the spine, four on one side and two on the other. It is from orifices in the lungs that the human voice is supposed to emanate, while the breath, as well as all one's emotions of joy and sorrow, originate in the pit of the stomach.

The liver, so writes the ancient Chinese Esculapius, is the residence of the human soul, all a person's plans and projects being there and devised and thought out. The brain seems to be considered of no account whatever in connection with any intellectual processes. Of the circulation of the blood the native practitioner knows comparatively nothing, although in every ailment, however trifling, the pulse is very carefully examined, the wise doctor putting on a most oracular expression of countenance while engaged in its examination. The state of the pulse is considered of so much especial importance because the five points at which it may be felt are supposed to be connected with the five planets, the five elements, and the five colors. It may be here remarked that "the five planets" include Mercury, Venus, and the three others next the earth. The elements are water, metal, fire, wood, and earth; and the colors are white, black, green, yellow and red. All Chinese, from the highest to the lowest, believe in astrology, and when taken ill consult the almanac at once to discover what would be the most auspicious day on which to send for a doctor.

The exceedingly large number of doctors in China may be accounted for by the fact that anybody who has perused a few medical books, knows enough of writing to copy prescriptions, and has gathered together a few herbs and drugs, can set himself up for an M. D., and practice when and where he chooses. The ignorant man would be glad, perhaps, to attend medical lectures, if such innovations were permitted there, or try his hand at dissection, if such a barbarian-like performance would ever be allowed in that enlightened land. A practitioner of the humbler sort, in his anxiety to secure custom, oftentimes seats himself under an umbrella by the side of a public thoroughfare, and surrounding himself with a miniature forest, composed of branches of healing shrubs and bunches of dried herbs, he disposes of many a prescription and package of medicine.

A more pretentious dabbler in physic will erect an awning, and make a great display with gay flags and pennons, on which are inscribed the wonderful efficacy of the pills and nostrums to be obtained at this impromptu apothecary shop. The horns of a deer are suspended over the doorway or on the walls of drugs shops to give token of the things within. And these things are something marvelous, for the Chinese doctor ransacks not only the vegetable kingdom, making use of every variety of bark, leaves, roots, and seeds which are in anywise medicinal, but levies taxes, also, to an unlimited extent, upon the animal world in his sedulous attempts to heal the sick. None but the initiated have the least conception of the number and variety of disgusting substances, including all manner of "creeping things that do creep upon the face of the earth," which are commixed and commingled in the syrups and boluses and indescribable concoctions which the Chinese doctor administers to his luckless patients—of syrups, a kettle full at once; of pills 80 to 100 for a single dose. The more revolting the mixture the more efficacious it seems to be considered.

The larvæ of beetles and other insects are used medicinally to give strength to feeble children; dried toads are taken to give tone to the system; caterpillar syrup is a specific for bronchitis; and for small pox the skins of snakes and scorpions, dried and powdered are considered efficient remedies. The horns of the rhinoceros, the bones of tigers, the paws of bears, and the wings of bats all have a place in the Chinese pharmacopœia. The body of the bat eaten is said to prolong life; to partake of the white bat is believed to be to protract one's existence beyond that of the aged Methuselah. A simple remedy, containing well-known ingredients, is nothing thought of by a patient, and the doctors seem to be quite of the same mind.

The Chinese surgeon, although unskilled in the art of setting a broken leg, seems to be at no loss what to do in "setting the brain," as he styles the process. A Roman Catholic missionary having fallen from his horse and been taken up in a critical condition, a native doctor was summoned, who declared that the brain of the sufferer had been displaced by the fall and must be "set." Thereupon he tied a stout cloth about the head of the priest, giving the ends of the cloth into the hands of two men, who drew the bandage as tightly as possible, while the physician beat the patient's head with a stick. This operation, although giving the poor priest's head a violent shaking and causing severe pain, proved highly successful, in the surgeon's opinion, the brain having thereby at once regained its normal position. One of the priest's ribs having been dislocated by his fall, the doctor half suffocated the poor man by fastening a handkerchief or something of the sort over his mouth and nose, doing so with the expectation that the patient, by dint of making violent and spasmodic struggles to get his breath, would cause the rib to spring of itself back into its place.

With the nauseous doses they administer, and the bungling way they have of performing surgical operations, together with their utter ignorance of physiology, it is marvellous that these Chinese surgeons do not annually put a third of the population of the land out of existence.

It has often agitated our curiosity to find out why a woman will spend six weeks working a lot of scallops on the bottom of her skirt, that nobody in the world but herself will ever get a glimpse of, and then run about the neighborhood in an old dirty wrapper, without any belt, and every other button bursted off.

THE TWILIGHT MEETING.

BY MIRIAM TORREY.

'Twas at the witching hour of eve,
When day and night seem blended,
That I adown the orchard lane,
With eager footsteps wended,
To where the silver waters kiss'd
The willows golden tresses,
The while I felt the blushing joys,
Of young love's first caresses.

In cadence with the song of leaves,
And rippling song of waters,
I breathed the Eden tale of love,
That's told to all Eve's daughters!
We watched the shifting sea of clouds,
Alight with sunset glory,
And tinted life with brighter hues,
By this sweet olden story!

The glinting light of moon and stars,
On waving branches dancing,
Made that Elysium hour of life,
More witchingly entrancing;
And thus our hearts grew strangely one,
In mystic love's communion,
While only starry angels heard,
Our holy vows of union!

POMEROY ABBEY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—[CONTINUED.]

George Pomeroy did not appear to be in a hurry to come. When the news of his succession reached him in India, he wrote back appointing an agent, or steward, to act in his place. This was John Gaunt, the gentleman keeper. George Pomeroy endowed him with absolute power and authority: in the abbey and out of it he was to be the unquestioned master. He forbade the west wing to be meddled with in any way: neither that nor the tower was to be touched: and a peremptory command to Gaunt followed, to keep the wing locked up, and not to permit any person to enter it on any pretence whatever.

The non-return of George Pomeroy vexed his family, Joan especially. Never was such a thing heard of yet as for the Lord of Pomeroy to live away from his own domains. Joan had her own opinion.

"I know why he will not come," she remarked one day to Henry Capel. "George was always chivalrously considerate to other people's feelings. He stays away out of delicacy to the poor wanderer, Rupert."

Mr. Capel could not understand. And said so.

"In the ordinary course of things Rupert would have come in after Guy," she continued. "As it is, he was passed over for George. George feels that; and he will not, in deference to Rupert's feelings, assume his rights as Lord of Pomeroy."

Henry Capel drew in his lips. "Strange reasoning, Joan. One would almost think you wished to show deference to that miserable man."

"No. But you don't know George. The more miserable a person is, the more cautious he would be not to tread upon him. He will stay where he is for a year or two and then come."

* * * *

Several years passed on uneventfully. Rupert was not found or heard of: George did not return. There were rumors of war in India, he wrote word, and he did not choose at such a time to quit the army. A report had reached Europe some time before that George had married. It was not confided to whom; and his own family rejected it.

At length, when five years, and somewhat more, had elapsed from the time of his accession, Joan grew downright impatient for his return, and wrote him a severe letter about the duty he owed to Pomeroy and the obligation that lay upon him to come home and enter upon his inheritance.

Alas, George Pomeroy never did come home to enter upon it. Before Joan's letter reached the shores of India, war had broken out there, and George fell on the battle-field. Tidings of the sad event arrived, bringing deep sorrow, for all the world had liked George Pomeroy. Never had it been known for one of the lords to die away from his own domains, and the abbey mourned that fact as freely as they mourned him.

And the youngest of the four sons, Leolin, succeeded as Lord of Pomeroy.

CHAPTER XIV.

AT THE DUCHESS OF ST. IVES'.

It was the height of the London season. The night sky above was studded with its stars, as the starry beauties of this lower hemisphere were pressing into one of the greatest and most exclusive houses of the day.

It was the town-house of the Duchess of St. Ives, a wealthy widow, only two-and-forty yet, and beautiful still. She had ruled the world long on her own account, and now she was ruling it in right of her son. It was the first season he had spent in London since coming of age, and the world was going mad after him. Mothers courted him openly, daughters covertly.

A well appointed carriage dashed into the rank, and struggled on to the door amidst the rest. The Countess of Essington descended from it with daughters three: the Ladies Mabel, Geraldine, and Anna Hetley. Mabel and Geraldine were like their mother, commanding, stately girls with clear cut features, beautiful, but cold as though they had been carved from Parian marble. Anna was different; a fair, graceful girl, with soft, shy, merry blue eyes that drooped beneath their long lashes when gazed into, a flushed, dimpled lovely face, and a pretty mouth.

A moment's respite after the reception and the countess and her daughters were but so many of the brilliant crowd that thronged the rooms. Lady Anna found herself seated next to a young lady with whom they were on terms of close intimacy.

"Have you come to-night, Anna? Three of you! What an idea!"

"There was no help for it," laughed Anna. I don't know whether they would really have brought me in spite of Mabel; who is very positive, you know, in her opinions—and mamma gives in to her greatly. Listen yet. The duke called, and began talking to me about to-night, wanting to make me promise—oh, I don't know what all—to give him two dances to everybody else's one, and that sort of nonsense. 'I am infinitely obliged to your grace,' I said, making him a demure curtsey, 'but I am not coming.' You should have witnessed his face. 'Not coming!' cried he, when he could find words. 'Certainly not. I am the youngest, and my sisters have precedence over poor me: the inconvenience, you see, of having three demoiselles in a family.' Off went the duke to mamma, and said——I did not listen, but the result is, that I am here."

The young lady-listener sat, playing with her fan. "Anna, there need not be any more heart-burnings after the duke: we may all resign him at once with a good grace, for we shall have to do it. You are in luck. You might be Duchess of St. Ives to-morrow, and you know you will. Here he comes true to his allegiance. And now it is good-bye to you for the rest of the evening, I suppose."

Lady Anna glanced towards the Duke of St. Ives. He was threading his way to her amidst difficulties, for he was set upon and detained on all sides by the gentlewomen who were angling for him with their subtle lines. "It will take him twenty minutes to get here," laughed Anna.

"Oh, Anna, what a lovely bouquet!" suddenly exclaimed the young lady, observing her flowers for the first time. Who supplied it?"

"How can I tell?" returned Anna, with downcast eyes and conscious cheek. "It was left for me just before we came out."

"He has taste in flowers, at any rate, if these were arranged under his auspices."

"Who has taste?"

"Who! You can afford this pretty affectation of unconsciousness, now you are sure of him, St. Ives."

"But I am not sure of him," again laughed Anna. "And I am not sure—indeed, I don't think—that he sent the bouquet. Another came, less beautiful: 'Oh, that charming one is the duke's,' cried mamma, pointing to this; 'use that one, Anna:' and I obeyed, saying nothing, but I fancied the other was his."

The Duke of St. Ives reached her at length, and took her away with him. He was tall; too tall, and too slender; altogether very much like a maypole, with a fair complexion, mild eyes, and a meek, inoffensive face. At Eton he was called "Milky," and he had never lost the sobriquet.

The quadrille was walked over, a waltz was got through. Other dances with other partners came, in their turn; and just as Anna was enjoying a moment's respite in a sheltered corner, another gentleman came up to her, who had but then entered. Above the middle height, but not remarkably tall, he was yet a distinguished-looking man, his luxuriant hair of a dark-brown shade, his grey eyes clear, and his features very fine.

"Anna," he whispered, in a low, musical voice, whose tones spoke love, if ever love was spoken. "Anna!"

She started and blushed vividly: she had not seen him advancing. "Oh! Leolin!"

"Did you think I was lost?"

"I thought you were never coming. Why are you so late?"

"And I am only here now to tell you I cannot come—if that is not a "bull" Stanton—you know Stanton?"

"Yes: a little."

"Well, poor fellow, he has met with an accident to night, through the bursting of a gun. I was starting to come here when then sent for me: he is in great pain, in shocking spirits and cannot bear for me to leave him. I told him he must give me half an hour, and I came here to tell you."

"I am so sorry. How——Here comes St. Ives again," she broke off in a hurried whisper. "Say I am engaged to you, Leolin."

The Duke of St. Ives received his answer, and the other looked at his watch. "I must stay for this one waltz, Anna: the temptation is not to be resisted."

She put her arm within his, and his eyes happened to fall upon the flowers. "They are nicely arranged, Anna, are they not?"

"I knew they came from you," she softly breathed. "This bouquet and another were left. Mamma jumped to the conclusion that the more beautiful one must be from the duke, and ordered me to use it. His lies neglected on the table at home."

"Anna, I shall begin to fear that the duke is dangerous," he said, as he held her somewhat closer than he need have done, in the whirling waltz.

"And now I must not linger another moment," he exclaimed, when the dance was over. "Poor Stanton!"

"Leolin, I don't believe you have spoken a single word to anybody in the room!"

"I do not think I have: St. Ives excepted. I looked for his mother when I came in, and could not see her."

"I was very nearly not coming, Leolin. We are three of us, you know—and had Lucy not married she would have made a fourth. The duke called to-day and talked to mamma, and would have me come."

"You should contrive to give the duke a hint. Good night, my dearest."

He left her sitting where she was and quitted the room. Anna's eyes followed him. She saw him step aside to greet the duchess, she saw him turn when at the door to give herself a last look. With his departure, the evening's happiness had gone out for her.

"I never heard of anything like it!" uttered Lady Anna Hetley, as she stood before her mother the next morning, with crimsoned cheeks. "How stupid he must be!"

"Stupid?" echoed the countess.

"Was such a thing ever heard of, mamma? As if St. Ives could not have waited till a proper time and season! And what in the world took papa there last night? I don't think he has troubled a ball for years."

"What is the matter?"

The interruption came from Lady Mabel who entered at that moment with Geraldine. She and her sister had lain late in bed, as in fact had Lady Essington, and so made their first appearance in a desultory manner when the day was advanced.

"Anna is an idiot," was the reply, "that's what is the matter. Yes, Anna, I repeat that you must have known what it was coming to. He has flirted enough with you."

"There' the evil," cried Anna. "Men are so much given to flirt now-a-days, that you cannot tell what is flirting and what is real: and woe be to the feelings of any girl who mistakes the false for the genuine. If the Duke of St. Ives has flirted with me—though I hate the word, and I have not encouraged him—others have flirted with him. Some of you girls have been ready to pull him to pieces in the contest."

"Mamma, just listen to her—she says she has not encouraged him!" exclaimed Mabel, with a smile.

A suppressed smile crossed Anna's face. "Well, it is done, and it cannot be undone," she rejoined; "but I must repeat, that he has acted as—as—only one gifted with as little brains as the Duke of St. Ives could act."

Lady Essington lifted her hands. "Take care, young lady, that you don't show these airs before him; or he may think twice ere he completes the bargain. And here he is—he said that he should call early."

But the footsteps ascending the stairs were not the Duke of St. Ives'. They were those of a chieftain, bold and fearless: of one who carried his head erect, and on whose lofty features might be traced the consciousness of a descent second to none. The servant threw wide the door:

"The Lord of Pomeroy."

The Lord of Pomeroy was not the Duke of St. Ives; and some little disappointment may have been felt by Lady Essington. But, if so, it was but momentary, for the Lord of Pomeroy was also a favored visitor. He told them of the painful accident to his friend Stanton: a young man who was attached like himself to one of the embassies abroad, and was just now over here on leave.

Before he had quite finished the recital, the old Dowager Faulcot came in with her two nieces: intimate friends of the Essingtons, who might call early or late. Lady Faulcot began a rare tale of scandal, more interesting in its way than the gun accident to Stanton. In the midst of it Anna escaped to the conservatory, and was followed by the Lord of Pomeroy.

"Leolin, he has asked for me!" she exclaimed, when they were sheltered in that retreat, and beyond the ears in the drawing-room.

"St. Ives?"

"Oh, yes. He spoke to papa last night in the rooms—actually in his own ball-rooms. I am not sure that it is honorable to tell this, Leolin; but—but—papa accepted him."

Leolin Pomeroy's brow flushed, for he loved her with a passionate and powerful love: but the pride of his race rose within him. Anna glanced at him timidly, her lovely eyes full of tears. He drew her to him, and bent down his face with a tender whisper.

"Which shall it be?—the Duke of St. Ives, or the Lord of Pomeroy."

"Oh, Leolin, why do you ask me? You know; you know."

They drew apart hurriedly, for voices broke on their ears, ominously near. Lady Essington and the dowager and the rest came in view, perhaps to see what the two young people might be doing. They saw Anna seated on a large flower pot turned down, training the refractory branches of a rare plant, with a refractory name that nobody yet ever succeeded in spelling; and the Lord of Pomeroy ungallantly standing with his back to her, lost in contemplation of the wonderful American aloe, which blossomed but once in a century.

Lady Faulcot's sight was keen, and her imagination crafty. "You should have your eyes about you," cried she confidentially to the countess. "Anna is just at an age that she may get her head turned, and he does not want for attractions, that young Lord of Pomeroy."

"My dear dowager, Anna is all safe. She marries St. Ives."

"Eh! what? Mercy on the rust of the girls, then!" cried Lady Faulcot. "What will they do!—they are all rampant after St. Ives. Is it true that young Stanton has shot his head off?" continued she, passing further on between beautiful green plants, and addressing Leolin Pomeroy.

"Not his head, madam. One of his ears and part of his hand."

"What incautious simpletons you young men are to get toying with guns! I'd rather play with a wild hyena, for my part."

"There was a flaw in it," said Leolin. "Bishop——"

"I daresay, lord. That's sure to be the tale—Bishop, Bishop! he's always in fault! never your own careless awkwardness.—Anna, we are to congratulate you, I hear. Take care, child, that you don't get a stray shot sent into yourself. When this news shall obtain wind, there are some would give you one, if they dared."

"What news?" asked Anna, innocently.

"That you have accepted St. Ives. All the girls were running after him you know."

"Is the earl at home?" quietly demanded the Lord of Pomeroy of Lady Essington.

"I believe he is in his study. Do you want him?"

"I will go to his study," said the lord.

The dowager Lady Faulcot took her departure with her train: but not before Anna had whispered a word to her that her congratulations were premature—of which the old lady believed as much as she chose. Not long after that, Anna heard the study bell ring, and the Lord of Pomeroy was shown out. Then came a message to Lady Essington: the earl wanted her in his study. Mabel and Geraldine followed their mother out of the room, but not to the study; and this left Anna alone.

She was alone when the next caller was shown in—the Duke of St. Ives. The young duke, seizing on the favorable opportunity, repeated in person the offer he had made to her father the previous night. Anna, very much distressed now that it had come to a point, refused him kindly but firmly.

"This cannot be your final decision!" exclaimed the young man, displaying emotion.

"It is indeed. I am very sorry; but I can't see that I am to blame. I could not speak to you and say you must not court me, before you first spoke to me. I could not dare to assume that you were about to propose to me, without being sure of it."

The duke allowed that: but he grew hot in his disappointment.

"I am afraid you love some one else, Lady Anna."

Her face presented a picture of confusion.

"I see how it is," he whispered. "I have been indulging a foolish hope—and it had no foundation. I hope you will forgive me."

"We can be friends still," she answered earnestly, for few natures were truer and tenderer than Anna Hetley's. "Believe that I would not willingly have played with you."

"I do; I do believe you. It has been my fault—my mistake."

"If you had but just spoken one little word to me!—but, as I say, I could not speak to you," she timidly repeated, feeling, in her concern and sympathy, that she had been the unwitting cause of inflicting some cruel wrong upon him. The duke prepared to leave.

"I shall never care for anyone else, Lady Anna, but I think the next best thing to having you—will be to have your sister," he observed, deliberating with himself. "If I cannot be your husband, it will be something to be your brother. I don't love her, it's true; but I shall never love anyone now."

The candid avowal, and the rueful tone it was made in, changed the current of Anna's feelings. She almost laughed.

"Oh, yes; that would be delightful, if you could only fancy one of them. Which of them do you mean, Mabel or Geraldine?"

"Well, I don't know," said the duke: "I have not thought about it. I must talk to my mother. Good-bye."

Shaking her hand again, he quitted the room, and was out of the house quickly. Anna, inexpressibly relieved in more ways than one, hummed a waltz, and danced round and round the room.

Lady Essington had found her husband waiting for her in his study. A little man wearing a black velvet cap on his head, and a flowery chintz dressing-gown: a merry-hearted little man, who liked to take things pleasantly.

"Did you send Pomeroy to me?" he asked.

"I told him you were here. Why?"

"He wants Anna to be his wife."

"What a donkey he must be!" uttered the lady, irascibly. "Why, the old Dowager of Barham told him that she was going to marry St. Ives!"

"But is she going to marry St. Ives?"

"Of course she is," retorted the countess.

"She may like somebody else better. The Lord of Pomeroy says she does."

"I wish the Lord of Pomeroy had been buried in the Pomeroy vaults before he had come upsetting things in this way!" was the intemperate rejoinder of Lady Essington. "There's not such a match in all England as St. Ives; if Anna were to refuse him I would never forgive her. Besides, she can't now: that prating old dowager is off to tell it to all London."

The earl laughed: he enjoyed the joke. "You and the dowager must settle it between you," said he. "I suppose, my lady, you told her first. But, if Anna has got the Lord of Pomeroy in her head, she can't marry St. Ives."

My lady scowled. "Would you let her marry Pomeroy with St. Ives in the way?"

"I'd let her marry Pomeroy with St. Ives in the way, or without him," returned the good-natured earl. "Had there been anything objectionable in Pomeroy, any cause against his wooing her, why did you suffer them to meet? Here has he been in the house continually."

"I have allowed him to come because I was in hopes he would take a fancy to Geraldine," was the answer, sharply spoken. "I am sure it is to Geraldine he has mostly talked."

"When he has talked aloud," put in Lord Essington, with another laugh. "I always thought it was Anna, and so I tell you. They were for ever together when we were abroad."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PAUL'S DEBT.

BY VIVIENNE.

"Oh Paul, Paul, how could you!" and the speaker, a pale delicate-looking girl, wrung her hands, while the tears ran down her cheeks.

Paul Crossland, a handsome and rather dissipated looking youth of two or three and twenty, with bold black eyes and curling dark hair, looked a little ashamed and not a little defiant.

"Who was to know that he'd be home," he exclaimed, "and that things would be looked into as they are being looked into now! I tell you, Milly, after the old man's buried I shan't be safe from discovery for one more day: something must be done; but what? I don't see that there's anything left for me but to hook it, and then what's to become of you?"

What indeed! Paul's salary was all the two had to depend upon, for the few pupils Milly was able to procure were but a precarious provision for her own personal expenses.

When Paul had written his employer's name, securing an advantage to himself by doing so, I cannot say to what he had trusted most to preserve his sin from being found out; whether to the laxity of discipline in the office or the failing health and consequent absenteeism of Mr. Newton.

It is certain that for a while he had been successful in maintaining his secret. Still Mr. Newton had suspicions that all was not going on as it should in the office, and wrote urgently to his son in India beseeching his return. The result of this letter of entreaty was the return to England of Roland Newton, for the superintendance of father's affairs.

The rumor was that Roland Newton was in truth a very nabob, and that in the event of his father dying, the business would be wound up.

Already, so shortly after his return, things were more strictly looked into in the office than they had been before for many years.

It was the dread and the probability of discovery that caused Paul Crossland to make his confession to his sister; but for that he might have kept her in ignorance while he sunk deeper into the mire.

Milly's shame and distress were very great.

"That you should have done this, Paul! you a Crossland. Oh, Paul!" cried the poor girl. "It is dreadful, I can hardly believe it of you—that you should commit forgery to get money to gamble!"

"Oh, don't talk such nonsense, Milly, but, like a sensible girl, think of some way of raising the money. Only let me once get clear of this debt and I will never touch a card again."

Milly's lovely face grew bright through her tears.

"Is that a promise, Paul?" she asked. "Will you give me your word of honor that if I help you to get quit of this incubus you will never permit yourself to be tempted into any kind of gambling again?"

Paul thought she must suddenly have conceived some means of helping him, and the relief was so great to his mind that he readily gave the required promise, sealing it with a kiss. But Milly's only idea was to get that promise; she had not the remotest idea how the debt was to be paid.

When Paul left his sister to go to his daily occupation, she could think of nothing else than the task she had set herself to accomplish for Paul's sake all day long, and this was to go and confess everything to Mr. Newton, and ask his indulgence till they paid it back.

"And how we will work to repay him!" thought Milly. "I will wear my old dresses all the year round, and I'll deprive myself of every luxury, and I'll try and get more pupils. We might, yes I dare say we might go to humbler lodgings. And I wonder whether Mr. Roland has a wife and family? Paul did not say anything about them. If he has, perhaps she will give me some plain work to do, when she knows why I want it."

That evening Paul Crossland brought home the news of old Mr. Newton's death.

The day before a scene had taken place in a gloomy mansion in one of the gloomiest squares of the grand old city. A city merchant lay upon his death bed.

His shaking hands grasped those of a younger man, and the dim eyes sought the loved features of the other, in anxious desire to communicate something ere his power to do so was taken from him.

Let us give the substance of that communication, without the breaks in it that characterized the speech of the dying man.

"Roland, when you come to lie, as I do, at the gates of death, it will not be the many brilliant successes you have known in life that will occupy your mind, but the few mistakes that, in spite of your utmost endeavors, have occurred. You remember, before you went to India, my intimacy with a fellow-merchant, for whom I had a great respect and liking."

"You mean Simon Crossland?" said the son.

"I do," was the reply. "Four or five years ago he died insolvent, and under circumstances that compelled all men to pity rather than to blame him. He left a family."

"And you wish me to seek out that family and provide for their wants?" said Roland Newton, soothingly. "Never fear, father; if they are upon the face of the earth, I will find and relieve them."

"They are not lost," said Mr. Newton. "I have not utterly neglected them. Paul Crossland occupies the second stool in the office, but beyond giving him employment I have never interested myself to discover whether or no he had other wants. I fear things have not all been going on as they should do in the office; if when you come to examine matters you should find Paul Crossland in error, remember what his father was to me, and how upon my death bed I reproached myself for not having taken a warmer interest in his welfare, and given him that assistance that might have lifted him above temptation."

"I promise you that Paul Crossland shall find as merciful a judge in me and one as ready to overlook involuntary transgression as he would have done in you," said Roland.

At seventy-five years of age a man's race is pretty nigh run, and seldom is further space granted him in which to perform duties he has neglected before that. None was granted to Joseph Newton. On the morrow he died, and Paul and Millicent Crossland were left a sacred legacy upon the hands of his only son and heir.

* * * * *

Could this be the place? a dark gloomy five storied house! Milly looked up to it deprecatingly and inquiringly. Yes, there was the word "Newton" on a brass plate on the door. Twice she spelt over the six letters, whispering to herself the name they formed, before she dared to ring.

"Can I see Mr. Roland Newton?" faltered Milly.

Seeing her shabby look the porter hesitated a moment and then showed her into an apartment than had an air of sombre and oppressive grandeur; the funeral plumes of the mourning hearse had left their atmosphere behind, and their shadow upon the brow of the man who sat upon the hearth.

When he arose, Milly did not recognize in him the Roland Newton of her brother's description.

"I—I—beg your pardon for my intrusion," said Milly, nervously; "it is Mr. Roland Newton I wish to see."

This was a young man—at least one not much over thirty—with a spare figure, deeply bronzed but handsome face, and crisp, curling, dark hair.

"I am he," he replied, in quiet, grave tones.

Poor Milly became confused and trembling, but in her embarrassment she mentioned her name.

"I am so glad to see you," he said. "The name of Crossland was almost the last my dear father's lips uttered. What is there I can do for you?"

Then Milly forgot everything but the cause she had come to plead; and for herself and Paul she pleaded, having made confession of his guilt.

"He is so young!" she cried, "and our lives have been so dull and hard since our poor father died, that he was sorely tempted to seek amusement where he should not have done. If you will only have pity, if you will give us time; Paul has promised never to touch cards again, and we will both work unceasingly until we have repaid you the debt."

She had thrown herself upon the door. She raised her streaming eyes, and the sight of so young a creature in such deep distress went straight to Roland Newton's heart, as no woman's loveliness had done yet.

He raised her from the ground and placed her in the large easy chair he had occupied upon her entrance.

"You have made my task easier for me," he said; "for it was my task to seek you out and learn in what way I could most benefit you. I am extremely sorry to hear that your brother has made himself amenable to the laws of his country, and I trust the fear and the pain he has suffered himself, and has caused you to suffer, may be a warning to him. I need hardly say, after what I have told you, that I cannot entertain any idea of prosecuting him. For the present, make yourself quite happy upon his account, believing in me as a friend. You shall hear from me very shortly."

Overcome with gratitude, Milly could but murmur a few broken words of thanks. Then Roland Newton conducted her to the hall, with a suddenly assumed and protecting care that was full of promise for the future as it was of assurance in the present.

Mr. Newton saw Paul Crossland at the office the next day; he held a private conversation with him for a short time, informing him of his knowledge of the forgery of his father's name—all of which, of course, Paul had in the meantime heard from Milly—and the forged bill was destroyed in Paul's presence. Mr. Newton only making it a condition that the young man should repeat to him the promise he had given his sister. Then Mr. Newton dismissed him with a severe caution as to his conduct in future. Mr. Newton had strict ideas with regard to crime and its punishment; it is hardly to be supposed he would have let Paul off so easily but for the remembrance of two tearful blue eyes, and a mouth quivering as it told its agony.

In as short a time as possible from the old gentleman's death the clerks were paid off, and, with the exception of Paul, obtained other situations through Mr. Newton's recommendation.

Paul dared not ask for that, remembering the history of the forged bill, and walked home mortified and indignant, because in his heart he felt that Mr. Newton treated him with more than justice.

"Well, there's good-bye to him for ever," he soliloquized, as he mounted the stairs to their little sitting room. "I must get along as best I can now."

But there was not good bye to him for ever. Milly jumped up from her low seat to prepare tea for him, with radiant face.

"Oh, Paul, guess whom I had a visit from to-day," she said. "But you never will unless I tell you."

"I don't know, and I don't care to-night," he said. "Is tea ready?"

"Not quite," said Milly, "but I am sure you would care, Paul. It was that very Mr. Newton you are so angry against."

"Mr. Newton here!" cried Paul in amazement.

"Yes, he came to see me," said Milly. "And he has invited both you and me to dine with him to-morrow; I promised for you, because I guessed you would have nothing better to do."

This altered the aspect of affairs, and Paul's face brightened as he drew up to the tea table.

"Perhaps," said Paul, "he is going to suggest some way in which my debt may be paid."

* * * * *

Mr. Newton treated his young guests with the utmost courtesy and kindness. Paul was astonished at the difference there was between him in the respective capacities of a host and a master.

Nothing was said that had the remotest reference to business matters until Paul and Mr. Newton sat together over their wine; then Roland Newton spoke.

The purport of his remarks was that Paul should go to India and take the place he had himself left to return home.

Paul was overjoyed at the idea, and readily promised.

After all the arrangements were made, Mr. Newton continued:

"Leave it to me then to inform your sister of it. Don't say a word to her about it to-night, and I'll drop in at your lodgings about five o'clock to-morrow afternoon."

Paul absented himself from Milly nearly the whole of the afternoon on the morrow, hardly daring to trust himself to look into her face, remembering as he did how he was withholding from her a secret that was about to transform their lives entirely.

Milly prepared the tea and sat down to wait for Paul.

A step upon the stairs caused Milly's heart to beat quickly, but something whispered to her that it was not Paul. This person, whoever he might be, paused outside the door and rapped.

"Come in," said Milly, and Mr. Roland Newton entered.

They shook hands and both sat down.

"Paul is out," said Milly.

"I do not want to see him particularly," he replied; "I am come purposely to see you."

He left his seat, and came and stood near her.

"You and I, I believe, were agreed some time ago, that the best thing that could happen to Paul would be removing him entirely out of the way of those companions who led him into evil, and from whom he will never be quite safe as long as he remains in London."

"Yes," assented Milly.

"Now, suppose some one offered to him a situation, say in India, should you have the courage to let him go?" asked Mr. Newton.

"It would be well for both Paul and me if he were away," she replied. "I could take a situation, and then every penny I earned might go to help Paul discharge that debt to you."

"There is another way in which that debt may be paid," said Mr. Newton. "Milly, will you pay it as I wish you?"

"I pay it?" she said—"I alone?"

"Yes, you alone," said Mr. Newton.

"But I have nothing," she said.

"You have yourself, Milly; and it is yourself I ask in payment. You alone can cancel Paul's debt to me. Say, my darling, are you willing to do so?"

When Paul returned he found Mr. Roland sitting in the little sitting-room as though he were quite at home. His arm was round Milly's slender waist, and her head lay upon his shoulder.

Mr. Newton explained matters to Paul, and from that day to this Milly has never regretted for an instant how she paid Paul's debt.

FACETIÆ.

"A Last Farewell"—A shoemaker giving up business.

There are two things that we are never quite prepared for—twins.

Did you ever hear of a house being built by a running brook?

Barrels should be cheap in New York city next year. They will have a Cooper for Mayor.

Unless lovers have passed to the fourth and last degree, they find a parlor quite necessary now.

Elevated roads must be very dangerous, as people are in danger of being "run over" every time they cross the avenues.

"I prefer the heated term to the cold wave," as the young man said when his girl dismissed him with a cold wave of her hand.

According to a New York paper "lager beer doesn't intoxicate. It is the quantity that some men carry that weighs them down."

Bleeding at the nose can be stopped by telling a man that his parents were born in the poorhouse. His nose will stop and yours will begin.

Why may Mohammedan pilgrims on their way to Mecca be spoken of as going on a mercenary mission? Because they go for the sake of the "Prophet."

An Eastern journal wants some one to tell how earthquakes are started. Well, the wife says yes, and the husband says no; and then the earth begins to quake.

A man who lectured recently in an adjoining town said that many persons failed to get into the hall. It subsequently transpired that they made no attempt to.

The scientific journals are greatly exercised over color blindness, but we'd like to see just one man in this country who'd mistake a five dollar gold piece for a nickel.

The woman of the period don't care a state cookie about the election; but what pesters her soul is to know if anybody will come to church next Sunday with a winter bonnet handsomer than hers.

Said Mrs. Simplegood: "I do love the country so much. When we used to preside on what Mr. S. always called the maternal acres, it was so nice in the summer to sit under the ungracious trees, surrounded by fragrant flowers, so different from the diluted air of the city."

A gentleman being threatened with an infectious fever, said to his little son, who in an affectionate mood wished to embrace him: "You mustn't hug me; you'll catch the fever." While, standing back, looked in amazement on his papa, who, by the way, is a pattern of propriety, and quickly asked, "Way, papa, who did you hug?"

"Is the doctor in?" asked an anxious looking young man. "No, sir," replied the person addressed, "but you can leave an order on the slate. Is it a very urgent case?" "Well, yes," the young man said, "rather urgent, I think. Just as I started away from home my youngest brother was falling out of a second-story window."

A reverend gentleman residing in a neighboring town has the misfortune to own a son who is addicted to drink. The other night, when the family had retired to rest, the son returned home in his usual condition. When the clergyman opened the door to his graceless offspring, he exclaimed: "Drunk again, Henry! drunk again!" "All right, father," replied the staggering reprobate, "so am I!"

A CONSTANT COUGH, with Shortness of Breath, Failing Strength and Wasting of Flesh, all betoken Lungs more or less seriously affected, and demanding prompt treatment. By using Dr. Jayne's Expectorant serious results may be either avoided or palliated.

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

Christmas is coming with merry laugh,
With a merry laugh and a joyful shout,
And the tidings are flung with an iron tongue
From a thousand steeples peeling out.
Hang up the holly—the mistletoe hang;
Bedeck every nook round the old fireside;
Make bright every heart, let the joy bells clang
With a warm-hearted welcome to Christmas tide.

Christmas is coming, but some will see
By the old fireside a vacant place,
And a vision will flit through the festive glee
Of an absent, a never-returning face;
And a voice that was music itself last year,
Will be mournfully missed in the evening song;
And children will speak with a gathering tear,
Of the virtues which now to the dead belong.

Christmas is coming! Look back o'er the past,
Is there nought to forgive? Is there nought to forget?
Have we seized all the chances of life that were placed
In our path? Or, in this have we nought to regret?
Have we fought on life's battle-ground manfully—true,
While success, like a butterfly, flew from our reach?
Have we press'd in pursuit of the prize as it flew?
Has the past in its dying no lesson to teach?

Christmas is coming; but who shall say
That at Christmas time they again may meet?
For graves lie thick in the crowded way,
And we elbow death in the open street.
Let folly embitter the festival hour
With a tongue that would injure, a heart that would hate,
True wisdom is blessed with a nobler dower,
In another year it may be too late.

Christmas is coming! The wealthy will sit
In purple, fine linen, and sumptuous state;
'Twere well in their plenty, they should not forget
The poor that stand meek at the outer gate.
For who can foreshadow the changes of life?
See, yesterday's king is an outcast to-day.
Success comes in time to the strong in the strife
And Fortune's a game at which paupers can play.

But Christmas is coming with merry laugh,
Amid pain, amid pleasure, with joyful shout;
And the tidings are flung from an iron tongue,
From a thousand steeples pealing out.
Hang up the holly—the mistletoe hang;
Bedeck every nook round the old fireside;
Let us bury our cares, let the joy bells clang
With a warm-hearted welcome to Christmas tide.

J. C. M.

SHADOWED FORTH.

It was a very foolish compact to make, but both Osric and I were at an age when foolish things are often done. Neither of us was turned twenty-one. My career in life was already decided upon. I had elected to become an artist and earn my bread by means of my brush and palette. I had a couple of rooms on a third floor in Bloomsbury, and my particular chum, Osric Imray, had the two immediately below mine, although I was nothing but a poor painter, while he was the son of a rich banker, and, in all probability, would one day be a rich banker himself.

But that was a point on which Osric as yet could not make up his mind. He hated the name of banker, and at present was coquetting with the law. His father, wise in his generation, did no more than urge him gently, as one might coax an obstinate but high-spirited horse towards the path he would have him follow.

Meanwhile Osric had plenty of pocket money and very little to do, his legal studies being hardly more than a pleasant fiction, at which he was as ready to laugh as heartily as any one. Our evenings were nearly always spent either in his rooms or mine, and many were the wordy arguments, permeated through and through with tobacco smoke, in which we indulged on such occasions.

It was on one of these occasions that the compact which I have already designated as a foolish one, was made between Osric and myself. We agreed that whichever of us died first should if it were so permitted by the Unseen Power that rules the destinies of men, appear to the survivor and warn him of the event that had taken place. We were very much in earnest in the matter, and as a proof of our determination to carry out the agreement if permitted to do so—we then and there made an exchange of rings. I think we were both a little bit ashamed of our folly next morning, and the topic was hardly ever alluded to again between us. But when, some four months later, Osric and I shook hands and said good-bye, knowing well that we should not see each other for a long time to come, his last words to me were, "You have not forgotten our compact?" and mine an assurance that there was no likelihood of my doing so. Osric was called to Scotland by the failing health of his father, and a week afterwards I started for Italy, and did not again set foot in England for a couple of years.

The years came and went, during which I only saw Osric some dozen times in all, and that was when he came to London on business. He had long ago settled down into a steady, plodding banker, and was all that his father could desire him to be. Sometimes when he came south I was in Cumberland or Wales, and at other times he had not even an hour to spare, so that our meetings were necessarily infrequent.

It was in October I was in Lakeland that favorite haunt of the artist. I had taken a room in a neat little hostelry and just retired. I was dropping off into a drowsy slumber when the death-like silence was broken by the faint chiming of some far-away clock. I put forth a lazy hand, found my watch under the pillow, and drew it out to ascertain the time. It was exactly half-past one. I was putting my watch back and was congratulating myself that I had still seven cosy hours of bed before me, when my wandering glance was caught and fixed by a strange and sinister-looking shadow on the ceiling of my room.

I stared at it with wide-open eyes, so vivid and realistic did it look. But, as it moved not, I soon jeered at myself for allowing such foolish fancies to have any effect upon me, and I was not long in perceiving that what at the first glance had so startled me, could be, and was, nothing more than the shadow of a portion of the furniture of the bed, projected by the light of the candle on to the ceiling. What I saw was the representation of a man, cloaked and wearing a slouched hat—of a man with a remarkably hooked and parrot-like nose—in the act of stooping over some one or something unseen, and striking down at the same moment with a knife or short dagger. Although nothing but a shadow, it seemed instinct with a sinister and murderous purpose. An instant more and that dagger would descend.

I stretched forth my hand and moved the candlestick a couple of inches further to the right. At once the effect was gone. The shadow was still there, but it was a shadow without meaning or purpose. The slouched hat was gone, the hooked nose was gone, the dagger was gone. Then, all at once, the candle flared out for a moment—the next, darkness swallowed me up.

Two days later I found myself in London, where some terrible news awaited me. My dear friend, Osric Imray, had been murdered—murdered and robbed while travelling by railway. But what was strangest there was no trace of the assassin, nor any clue as to how the deed was perpetrated. One fact that struck me as a singular coincidence was that the murder took place on the very morning and, as nearly as could be calculated, at the very hour that I had been startled by that strange shadow on the ceiling of my bedroom. It struck me as a singular coincidence, but as nothing more.

Some six or seven months had passed away, when a commission to paint a certain picture necessitated my taking a journey from London to a place some distance north of Aberdeen. In order to be on time it was necessary that I should start that night. About ten o'clock, being alone in my compartment and thoroughly tired out, I dropped into a refreshing sleep, but was awakened by the shooting of the train into a tunnel.

From my seat close to the open window I could see the clear reflection of each lighted compartment on the black damp wall of the tunnel. There, too, was my own shadow, sharply focussed on the wall as I sat peering forward with the peak of my travelling cap pulled well over my brows. And there too, as I lived, and emanating from the next compartment, was a second shadow still more sharply defined than mine—the twin shadow of that other shadow I had seen six months before in my inn bedroom! So well did I remember its every feature—if a shadow can be said to have features—that it was impossible for me to be mistaken.

Another minute and we were out of the tunnel, and the shadow, focussed no longer on the black enclosing walls, radiated into space and vanished. I was more disturbed in my mind than I would have cared to own. For that night, at least, "Macbeth had murdered sleep."

By-and-by the train stopped at a way station. In a moment I was on the platform. No one had time to leave the compartment next to mine: no one did leave it. I tried the door; it was locked: I peered through the windows; the compartment was empty.

I made my way to the conductor of the train. "The middle compartment of that carriage is empty and locked," I said; "but there was certainly some one in it as we came through the tunnel just now."

For a moment he looked startled. Then he held up his lamp and looked at the number painted on the door. "M 98," he said, as he read it out. "No, sir; no one was in that carriage as we came through the tunnel. No one has been in it since we left Bolton. I locked it there myself; and, as you see, it is locked still, and I may tell you something uncommon about that carriage, sir, though it would not do to tell everybody so. It's the very carriage in which poor Mr. Imray was murdered. The middle compartment it was that he was found in. I was the guard that was examined at the inquest."

I slipped a coin into the man's hand. "Have my traps got out of the train," I said; "I shall go no further to-night."

Was there nothing more than a coincidence in all this? I kept asking myself. Had I not been singled out for some mysterious purpose, of which as yet I knew nothing. "It is—it must be, something more than blind chance," I said to myself. The more I turned the matter over in my mind, the more settled became my conviction that there was something more yet to come—that I had but to wait patiently, and in due time the riddle would be read for me—the mystery solved.

But when weeks and months passed away, and nothing further happened: when no sign or token was vouchsafed me, and when time had in some measure blunted the sharp edge of memory; I began to think that I must have been led away by my own nervous fancies; that for once I had allowed my imagination to outstrip my common sense.

About this time I received a commission to paint a picture illustrative of a certain phase of low-class London life. In my search for types and faces to embody in my picture, I found myself after night fall on several occasions in some of the lowest neighborhoods, and among some of the vilest dens, that the metropolis had at that time reason to be ashamed of. I had several acquaintances among the police, notably Sergeant Smith, and under his sheltering wings I visited sundry places into which it would not have been safe for me to venture alone.

We had just entered one of the low resorts near Leicester Square. I did not see him when I first went in, nor till after I had sat down and ordered a cup of coffee. But as soon as I did see him, or rather, as soon as I caught sight of the shadow reflected on the wall beyond him, I started to my feet with an exclamation that turned a dozen suspicious pairs of eyes on me in a moment. On the coarse whitewashed wall of this mean cafe I beheld, for the third time, the sinister outline which had haunted me twice already—once in my bedroom at the inn, and once in the tunnel: unbidden and unsought by me, for the third time, there it was, as clearly defined as though it were the same shadow outlined in charcoal to the most minute particular that I had seen before.

It was the shadow and not the man that in the first instance drew my eyes to the remote corner of the room which they occupied, apart from any one, but my gaze now turned involuntarily to the man himself. He was tall, thin, and bony, as well as could be seen for the long, heavy, old-fashioned cloak, with its fur collar and quaint clasps, in which he was wrapped. He wore a soft felt hat, pulled low down over his brows. He had red hair, and a short pointed beard and moustache of the same color. His large Roman nose made his thin cadaverous face look thinner and more cadaverous than it would otherwise have looked. But, mean and commonplace as the man and his surroundings might seem and were, I could not but hearken to the dread voice that whispered in my heart: "The man before you is the murderer of Osric Imray!"

I pointed him out to the Sergeant and asked him to ascertain what he could concerning him.

Some eight or nine days passed, when, one evening on returning to my rooms, I found the sergeant waiting for me. What he had to tell me may briefly be related as follows.

The man's name—or rather, the name he was known by—was Pierre Lenoir, but whether he were really a Frenchman, as his name would imply, was doubtful. He had no ascertainable employment, nor any visible means of subsistence, and he lived in one room, the second floor front, 33 Winckworth Street, Soho.

On the evening of the day following that of the sergeant's visit, I found myself in Winckworth street, Soho. No. 33A differed in nowise from its neighbors. According to Smith, the second floor front was the room occupied by Lenoir. To this I at once directed my attention. It had four windows. At one of these windows a young woman now sat sewing, and yet the sergeant had said that Lenoir lived alone and had no visitors. I paced up and down the street several times, glancing up at the window each time I passed it.

Then it struck me that the second floor front was probably divided into two rooms with two windows to each room, Lenoir being the occupant of one of them and the girl who was sewing of the other.

I was still working out this idea, when I noticed that a small card was suspended in the dining-room window. I crossed the road to read what was written on it. "Top Back Room to Let, Unfurnished," were the words I saw. My heart gave a throb as I read, and I engaged the rooms without delay.

Next day I moved a few traps into my domicile, the chief articles being an easel and a camp bedstead, and tried to make myself as comfortable as the circumstances of the case would permit.

As it was far from my intention to spend the whole of my time in Winckworth street, I still retained my own rooms, visiting them daily, and still looking upon them as my real home.

But between ten o'clock and noon next day I was always at 33A, that is to say, during the whole time Lenoir was under the same roof. At the end of a week I had seen him twice on the stairs, but had learned nothing. On neither occasion did he seem to notice me. To say the least my progress was not encouraging.

Many were the hours that I sat brooding and smoking by the open window of my room, turning over this scheme and that, vainly trying to devise some plan which should bring me nearer the end I had in view. That end I had by this time set clearly out for myself. It was neither more nor less than to bring Lenoir to justice as the murderer of Osric Imray. That he was a murderer I never once doubted.

By-and-by a scheme began to shape itself vaguely in my brain. But to carry it out I should have a confederate. This I got in a young Arab I had picked out of the London gutters some two years before and had induced him to sit to me, rags and all, as a subject in one of my pictures. The only name I knew him by was "Tim."

Through some little pressure from my landlord I had some days previous to this exchanged rooms with the young lady in the second story. Thus my room was next to Lenoir's. So the first thing I did the next day after he went out was to send Tim to buy a step-ladder of a certain height. This was readily obtained, and when Tim brought it I found that, as I stood on the second step from the top, my head nearly touched the ceiling of my room. I now proceeded to mark out, on the surface of the wall that divided my room from Lenoir's, a space measuring twelve inches in a straight line from the ceiling downwards and twenty-four inches across the base.

We then proceeded to remove the plaster and lathing of the wall, and ere long by careful manipulation I had managed to make an opening underneath the cornice of the Frenchman's side that enabled me to see distinctly everything in his apartment, while the opening was thoroughly hidden by the projecting cornice. This accomplished, I waited and watched.

Three evenings passed without anything of consequence taking place. But on the fourth evening my patience was rewarded. He got home rather earlier than usual and apparently in high good humor with himself, judging from the way he kept whistling and singing under his breath. Coat and vest having been flung aside as usual, and the inevitable cigarette lighted, he went to the window and satisfied himself that the venetians were so arranged that nothing which went on inside the room could be seen from over the way. Then he went to the door and made sure that it was really locked. His next proceeding was a singular one.

The thought had struck me more than once that Lenoir's bedstead, as an article of furniture, looked considerably out of place among its shabby surroundings. It was made of mahogany, in the heavy old fashioned style not often seen nowadays. The posts that supported the foot of it were especially substantial and solid-looking. Going down in front of these pillars, Lenoir selected one very small key from several others on a ring that he drew from his pocket and inserted it into a tiny keyhole in the woodwork of the bedstead. As he turned the key I heard a faint click, and the next moment he pulled open a little door in the lower part of the bed-post. From this place he drew a roll of something that was covered with leather and carefully tied up. Then going to the table he sat down, drew the lamp closer to him, and proceeded to unfasten the roll, the contents of which proved to consist entirely of bank notes. He rubbed his hands and chuckled to himself, and nodded his head at the notes as soon as he got them unrolled.

I could hardly doubt that the notes I had just seen were those which had been stolen from Imray, and for the sake of which he had been murdered, but how was I to make myself sure of that fact? Early next morning, some hours before Lenoir was in the habit of rising, I hunted up Sergeant Smith and had a long consultation with him.

Unknown to himself, Lenoir was watched that day, from the moment of his leaving the house till the moment of his return. Acting on Smith's advice, I took up my position on the ladder this evening a couple of hours earlier than usual. Lenoir came home at eleven, a most unusual proceeding with him, and brought with him a bottle of cognac. Having lighted his lamp, he took the roll of notes out of its hiding place and stuffed it, for the time being, under his pillow. Hardly was this done when I heard a low, peculiar whistle. Lenoir heard it also. He went quickly downstairs, opened the front door, and presently came back, followed by a stranger.

The bottle of cognac was opened and the contents approved of, and then the two men sat down to business, one on each side of the little table, with the lamp between them. They spoke in low tones, and in French. The stranger was there to buy the notes, the numbers of which were known, but which he presumably had the means of forcing into circulation, either on the Continent or across the Atlantic. The question which he and Lenoir were arguing now was simply one of price. At length they came to terms, and the roll of notes was produced. The stranger checked them off carefully against a list which he had brought with him, and then put them away into an inner pocket.

"The gold is at my lodgings," I heard him say. "Come with me, and you can have it at once."

"Why didn't you bring it with you?" asked Lenoir, sulkily.

"It was too heavy," said the other, laconically. "Besides——"

"You did not care to trust yourself here with so much hard cash about you," sneered the Frenchman, as he took up his hat. The stranger only laughed and lit another cigarette.

Lenoir extinguished his lamp, and the two men then went downstairs together and let themselves next moment in the arms of Sergeant Smith and three of his men, who had been lying in ambush for them. They were taken to the nearest police station and searched. The notes proved to be those which were stolen from Imray, and in one of Lenoir's pockets was found a ring—the ring, originally mine, which I had exchanged with my friend for his the night we entered into that foolish compact.

Lenoir was examined before a magistrate and committed for trial, but three days later he contrived to commit suicide in his cell. The ingenious stranger, on whom the notes were found, had a term of penal servitude meted out to him for his share in the transaction.

"THE IDEA."

My father was one of those easy-going good-tempered sort of men, one frequently meets with in well-to-do society; and being possessed of ample means, he left the management of his affairs almost entirely in the hands of my mother.

Besides myself our family consisted of my parents and an elder sister, Helena, who was now in her twentieth year, whilst I was nearly two years her junior. She was very handsome, very frivolous and very vain, but so graceful, tall, commanding, and clever, that my mother doated upon her, petted her, and submitted to any amount of extravagance in dress or pleasure which she thought fit to indulge in.

Of course Helena had been regularly brought out, whilst I was left entirely in the background, my mother considering the chances of a profitable return for the trouble and outlay she would be put to on my account as very small indeed. In short the treatment I received soon convinced me that my mother had set her whole heart upon securing a good match for Helena, and allowing me full liberty to perfect myself in kitchen superintendence, dining-room usefulness, and drawing-room humility, as also to take my walks when and where I chose.

Thus whilst my sister, in full fashion, attended parties, balls, and so forth, I studied social economy, read all sorts of books, surfeited myself with music, drawing, French and needle-work, and actually got so melancholy at last, that I thought of entering upon a course of mathematics without a master. Then I would lose patience altogether, and ask myself, "Why am I thus slighted by those I am nearest to, and ought to be nearest to me?" and the painful, crushing answer came up from my lonely heart, and the tears would fill my eyes, as the words I had often heard again rung in my ears, "You little, impertinent, ugly, insignificant puss, how dare you interrupt me."

Thus matters went on for nearly a couple of years—the lapse of time serving to sour my sister's temper, make my mother more impatient, and add fresh sorrow to my unhappy lot.

At length Henry Calvert, a very quiet sensible young man, began to pay frequent visits to our house. He was the only son of one of my father's early friends, and I was not long in perceiving that he cared very little for extravagance of any kind, but appeared quite contented with the reputation of being an honest hard-working citizen. Of course, his plain and homely ways were not exactly liked by my mother and Helena, who could not help commenting upon the difference between Mr. Calvert's manners and those of other suitors whom my sister had rejected. They were dashing, clever, handsome fellows; he was prosy, awkward and dull.

"Still, you know, Helena, my love," said my mother to my sister, one evening, as they sat, expecting Mr. Calvert's arrival, "you must bear in mind that he is by no means poor; and when his father dies he will probably come into possession of a very decent fortune. Besides, time flies, and every month reduces your chances of making a better match."

"Yes, dear mamma," responded Helena, "and those are the only considerations that shall induce me to accept him. He is so close, odd and sheepish in his ways, that I despair of ever seeing him a gentleman. In fact, mamma," she went on condescendingly, "any one may see, with closed eyes, that he has never been used to good society."

Then she drew herself up, and surveyed her elegant form in the mirror, with an air strongly indicative of the great sacrifice she was going to make of herself.

Well, there was only one little obstacle now in the way of my sister. Henry Calvert had not yet asked her to become his wife. Still, he was very attentive to Helena, whilst he hardly deigned to notice me, beyond what the barest civility required. As, however, month after month flitted by without the expected declaration being made, even I began to think Henry Calvert was a very tiresome lover indeed. Then he grew more eccentric in his behavior; would drop in at such odd times, and seemed vastly pleased whenever he caught my sister unprepared to receive him; on which occasions he would sometimes remain with me, and condescend to ask puzzling questions, and make funny speeches. In short, I had the audacity to imagine that he was beginning to like my society; but I soon dismissed the thought and laughed at my impertinent folly.

Then my sister began to tire of her lover's indecision and unaccountable whims; and one afternoon, as we sat in the drawing-room, she took me so far in her confidence as to say, turning sharply upon me, "Beatrice, you cannot believe how Henry's ways annoy me. I've a good mind to send him packing along with the rest."

"Has he proposed then?" I asked with the utmost simplicity.

"No, certainly not, you stupid thing," she replied peevishly, "he has not the courage; and when he does I do not think I'll accept him."

"Indeed, I am sorry to hear you say so," I rejoined, without noticing the elegant compliment she paid to my mental capacity, "for I have always looked upon him as a very worthy, sensible young man."

"Yes, perhaps, he may seem all that in the eyes of dull little housewives, like yourself, she replied; "but I love to see a man at home in good society, and able to make a good impression on good society. Henry is so awfully like a schoolmaster that he makes a perfect bore of himself, though he tries hard to be polite in his own way."

"Of course, you will decide for yourself, Helena, as you always do, upon a matter that can concern no one but yourself," said I, with some spirit, for I seldom derived either pleasure or profit from her conversation.

"No, my pretty Beatrice," she replied ill naturedly, "I am sure my decision can never interest you; since no one can look at you without pity, or speak to you without being insulted. But you can have him if you like. Perhaps you'll get married first. Why didn't you take Edward Fairclough? I gave you every opportunity."

"Sister," I cried, rising from my seat, "if you are too proud and cruel to treat me with common civility, I must leave the room. If ever he had asked me to have him I would have answered the same as you did."

"The idea!" she exclaimed, in a mocking, contemptuous tone, that brought the hot blood to my cheek; "the bare idea of your refusing a lover is the neatest piece of romance I ever heard of,—an absurdity only to be equalled by the idea of your ever getting one!" and she uttered a short, scornful laugh, as she surveyed me from head to foot with assumed admiration.

"Cruel! cruel!" was the only word I could speak, and bursting into tears, I hurried from the room. As I crossed the landing which led to my own chamber, I saw Mr. Calvert slowly ascending the staircase; but I managed to escape before he recognised me. "I hope he will propose," said I to myself, with nervous emphasis, when I had closed and locked my room door; "for I don't think Helena will reject him, and I can't bear this miserable life much longer."

I know not how long I remained in my room brooding over my sister's bitter taunts, but when the bell rung for dinner, those two words she had repeated with such peculiar energy were still rankling in my heart—"the idea!"

I sat down at the table sad and unhappy, intending to take my meal in silence, but was surprised to find both my mother and Helena in the highest spirits. I naturally concluded that something unusually fine had occurred, and when they began to treat me with unexpected kindness, I felt anxious to know the cause. I was not long kept in suspense, for Helena soon apologised for her rudeness; told me I should certainly be present at the wedding, which was followed by a promise from my mother that I should have everything I might require for the occasion. "And I ought to tell you," she continued, in a half confiding tone, "that Mr. Calvert inquired most particularly after you, to day, and even went so far as to ask whether you would be at home to-morrow."

"I'm sure I'm obliged to him," I replied, "but I am still more pleased to know that Helena is now going to be settled."

Then we went on chatting, first about Henry and his family, then about my sister's wedding, until we all felt quite tired of talking.

On the following day, much earlier than usual, Mr. Calvert was announced; but the weather being very fine I had gone to my favorite little greenhouse, which stood at the end of our garden, for the purpose of attending to a present of choice plants which had been sent me by a friend; so that I was quite unaware of his arrival.

"I wonder if Mr. Calvert has really proposed?" I asked myself in a whisper, as I prepared to return to the house; but the words were scarcely uttered when I felt a hand laid gently on my shoulder, and a voice whispered "Beatrice!"

I turned suddenly round, and beheld my sister's lover—Henry Calvert. I could not speak, but he seemed as calm as usual.

"Don't be afraid, my little woman," he said in a tender, earnest tone. "I have been talking with your beautiful sister and your calculating mother until I'm very tired of their meaningless phrases. I have been waiting for you more than an hour, and have only reached here now, on the pretext of ascertaining whether you had been stolen by some knight errant, or had gone to sleep among your flowers. Now, listen; I have not a minute to spare. I've for some time been looking out for a wife. Ball-room belles and drawing-room ornaments are always to be had; but quiet, sensible, loving wives are not. I take you to be one of the latter, and if you will link your fate with mine I will strive to deserve your love by making you as happy as I can. Beatrice, dear Beatrice," he continued, in an impassioned tone, "will you be my loving wife?"

I could not believe my senses. Every object about me appeared to have gone topsy turvy. I am quite sure I should have fallen upon the ground had not my companion prevented me.

"Come, dearest, your answer? They will be seeking us," he whispered earnestly.

These words, spoken with an intense feeling and a real sympathy I had never heard before, roused me.

"I cannot, I dare not," said I, faintly. "Is my mother aware of——"

"Oh, never mind your mother," he interrupted; "I'll arrange all things to her entire satisfaction."

"Ay," said I, "but—the—the——"

"Yes, love, the idea," he exclaimed, with a meaning smile, and he drew me close to him for a moment; then we walked slowly towards the house, and he told me how he had come up stairs unannounced—found the drawing-room door open, and heard angry voices within. "And thus it was, Beatrice, the idea came into my head of making you my wife."

My mother looked at us rather suspiciously as we both entered.

"Well, Mrs. Crompton," cried Henry, gaily, "I've been and done the business. Your daughter Beatrice consents to become my wife in three weeks from this day."

"You are jesting, Mr. Calvert," said my mother, in a forbidding tone.

"No, madam, I am not," was the firm response.

"Why," said she, "I thought you always intended to——"

"Yes, I know you did," he interrupted, laughing, and looking straight at my crest fallen sister, who had retired to the further end of the room; "but the fact is, I am so odd and awkward, so plain, dull and unused to good society, that I thought it better to rest satisfied with a wife as plain, stupid and dull as myself, rather than to aspire to one whose accomplishments I could never appreciate."

With a look of mingled rage, scorn, and disappointment, Helena rushed out of the room, and left the house early on the following morning, to spend a month with a maiden aunt in the country, so that I saw her no more till long after our wedding. My mother made a virtue of necessity and did everything a mother should do on the occasion of her daughter's marriage. Henry, too, had a long interview with my father, and I have the very best reasons for saying that the result quite answered both our expectations.

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It was rather more than a year after my marriage when my sister said "yes," to a gentleman considerably her senior, but who was quite as selfish and worldly as herself. They reside on his estate, and my parents would have gone with them but neither Helena nor her husband could bear "the idea."

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

STEAMBOAT SPEED.—It is claimed that two steam launches lately built for the British Admiralty have attained the highest rate of speed ever recorded of any boat, ice boats of course excepted. The boats are constructed of steel, are 85 feet long and 11 feet beam. The best time made was at the rate of 27.56 miles per hour with the tide, and something less against it; the average being 20.2 miles.

STEREOSCOPIC PICTURES.—A simple way of seeing stereoscopic pictures without the use of lenses, and without any straining of the eyes is announced. The two pictures are to be mounted with an interval between the pictures and the eye, on the ordinary skeleton stereoscope, the two parts are so separated that the right eye shall see only the right picture and the left eye the left picture. When this is done the two pictures will combine just as easily as with an ordinary stereoscope.

HOUSE NUMBERS.—A new contrivance for rendering the numbers of houses visible by night, has come into quite general use in Paris. It consists of a hollow triangular prism, nine inches long, two of whose sides are formed of panes of blue glass, on which the number of the house is picked out in white; and this prism-shaped lamp glass rests against the front of the house, so that the two sides with the numbers on them can be plainly seen by the passers-by. In the interior of the prism is a gas jet, fed by a pipe from the house.

TO KEEP PIPES FROM FREEZING.—The only certain preventive is the removal of the water, and it is worth while to make provision for turning off the water during very severe nights, letting it on during the day time. We must not forget, however, that merely shutting off the water will not answer; the water must be let out of the pipes. To do this a small tap should be placed just above the main stopcock, or the latter should be made with a vent which allows the water above it to flow out when it is turned off.

CARE OF THE EYES.—Sooner or later our eyesight must become impaired. When beginning to use glasses, use them as short a time as possible, only in deficient light, or on minute objects, and then change the strain to distant or larger objects. By a judicious attention to these two points, the ageing of the sight will be retarded years. And, as reading is one of the luxuries of the age, and one of its most delightful pastimes, we cannot be too careful of the eyesight, and should study how to husband its powers.

IMITATION GROUND GLASS.—Put a piece of putty in muslin, twist the fabric tight, and tie it into the shape of a pad; well clean the glass first, and then putty it all over. The putty will exude sufficiently through the muslin to render the stain opaque. Let it dry hard and then varnish. If a pattern is required, cut it out in paper as a stencil; place it so as not to slip, and proceed as above, removing the stencil when finished. If there should be any objection to the existence of the clear spaces, cover with slightly opaque varnish. In this way very neat and cheap signs may be painted on glass doors.

FARM AND GARDEN.

POULTRY.—It is stated by an intelligent and successful dealers, that experiments have satisfied him that chickens from hens fed on oats are much more vigorous and hardy than from those fed on corn.

CUT FLOWERS.—As much nitrate of soda as can be taken up between the forefinger and thumb in the glass every time the water is changed, will preserve cut flowers in all their beauty for above a fortnight.

FANCY FARMING.—Fancy farming may be indulged in, as a recreation, by men with other means of support. Such men may pride themselves in it, and claim to be model agriculturists. They are not true farmers.

COMPOSTS.—Make your composts now. Get some lime and salt, and haul up leaves pine straw, swamp muck, woods earth, and other such matter, and compost it with lime and salt, and you will make a cheap but valuable manure.

HORSE BREEDING.—There is a profit in breeding nice carriage and draft horses. As a general rule it costs no more to raise a good colt than a poor one, while the former will bring two or three times as much as the latter. A dark stable is a very poor place to keep a colt.

BUYING STOCK.—In buying stock steers pay liberal prices for such ones as have their digestive organs in an active state, and are capable of assimilating large amounts of food. Such animals having been constantly growing since calfhood, will continue this growth and rapidly increase in weight.

FARM FACTS.—Half-bred Jerseys or Alderneys are among the best of dairy cows. He has fat cattle who feeds them. And he has fat acres who feeds them with a liberal hand. Bury your dead animals at the foot of fruit trees. You will find that it pays a good percentage. Whether you keep one cow or ten, do not forget to have a few turnips to help the winter feeding. Liquid manure does its work at once, solid manure requires time, but yet is certain in its effects. Rotten wood, leaves and forest cleanings make excellent plant food when plowed into the ground.

FATTENING BEEVES.—An agricultural authority says as to beef, the most successful mode we have ever tried was to fasten the animal to be fattened by the horns to a stake in the stable, keeping it well bedded and never taking it out until it was sold to the butcher or slaughtered for family use. All expenditure of muscular force takes from the supply which the food constantly gives; and the net increase is lessened, and so the quieter you can keep the animal the better. All they will eat and the best you can give them is the cheapest in the long run.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Never betray a confidence.

Never wantonly betray others.

Many pray who do not worship God.

Never leave home with unkind words. "I forgot" is never an acceptable excuse.

Proud persons are neither safe nor happy.

It is easier and handier for men to flatter than to praise.

Never read letters which you may find addressed to others.

Never fail, if a gentleman, of being civil and polite to ladies.

Show may be purchased, but happiness is always a home-made article.

Flattery sits in the parlor when plain dealing is kicked out of doors.

The silence of a person who loves to praise is a censure sufficiently severe.

Those beings only are fit for solitude, who like nobody; and are liked by nobody.

Good thoughts, like rose leaves, give out a sweet smell if laid up in the jar of memory.

We think ourselves full of philosophy when we are only happy over our food and drink.

Whoever will not in his turn serve those who serve him will go under, and as in the small so in the great.

Harsh words and harsh requirements have many a time alienated a child's feelings and crushed out all love of home.

Put your heart in your work; in business, concentrate your thoughts upon it. Be ever ready to learn, strive to excel; be in earnest.

The despised of some people are the looked-up to of others. Were it not so, the little ones of the earth would not be able to hold up their heads under the contumely of the great ones.

We should not preach so much to people: we should give them an interest in life, something to love, something to live for; we should, if possible, make them happy, and put them on the way to happiness, then they would unquestionably become good.

HOW NICE IT WOULD BE.

BY A. L. H.

"How am I ever to get this room tidy?" said Ada to her brother, with a disconsolate sigh, as she looked first at the table covered with lesson-books, and then at the floor which was strewed with toys.

"How nice it would be if our books and things would put themselves away when we have done with them, instead of our having to do everything. I wish you would help me, Freddy," she added impatiently, "instead of lying on the floor."

"How nice it would," echoed Freddy, without offering to stir, "if the bell would ring itself at meals, and the letters go to the post alone."

As these little errands generally fell to Freddy's lot, he spoke feelingly.

"It would save us a great deal of trouble, if things were not so helpless," continued Ada, who was of an indolent disposition, and disliked exerting herself in any way. Just then she heard the rattle of tea-cups, and was obliged to quicken her movements and clear the table, but she could not help thinking to herself, "How nice it would be for Jane if the cups and plates would arrange themselves on the table, and if the knife would cut some bread and butter."

So full was her mind of this idea, that, as she was preparing for bed, her nurse exclaimed:

"How slow you are, Miss Ada: do you expect your brush and comb to come to you?"

Ada thought that nurse must have read her thoughts; she bestirred herself accordingly, and soon got into bed and fell asleep. She was aroused by a violent jerk which precipitated her on to the floor, and opening her eyes, she found that it was broad daylight, and the clock was striking seven.

"So," she thought, "my bed has actually turned me out on to the floor; how very disagreeable! I hope this isn't going to happen every morning. However, as I am out of bed, I may as well get up."

She proceeded to dress herself, surprised at the speed with which each garment offered itself in turn; and she would have been dressed in unusually good time if she had not taken up a story book, and become so absorbed in the contents that she was quite startled by the ringing of the breakfast-bell.

She hastily took up her brush, smoothed over her tangled hair, and ran downstairs, without observing that she was pursued by her comb, which was vainly endeavoring to attract her attention.

"Why do you bring your comb down to breakfast, Ada?" said her father.

"What a tangle your hair is in!" exclaimed her mother; "you had better go and make it tidy at once."

Ada was only too glad to escape from the room with her pertinacious comb, which she used so diligently that it was persuaded to remain in its drawer for the present.

She returned to the breakfast-room just in time to see Freddy (who was very late) enter the room, closely followed by his tooth brush.

The poor boy got very little breakfast, as nearly all his time was occupied in trying to conceal this importunate article, which kept placing itself continually before him.

When Ada entered the schoolroom, she found all her books waiting for her in a row. Her geography and French—both of which she had forgotten to learn—made themselves particularly conspicuous. She carried them quickly back to the shelves, hoping they would be forgotten, and then sat down to her other lessons.

She thought her plan had succeeded, when, to her great annoyance, she saw the two books place themselves open before her governess, who, finding that Ada could not say a word of them, kept her an hour longer than usual to learn them.

By this time Ada was heartily tired of being waited on so assiduously, and only wished that she could make everything remain in its place till she wanted it.

No other mishap occurred until Ada's bed-time, when her eye suddenly fell upon a pile of lesson-books, conspicuously arranged among the ornaments on the table by which she was standing.

Ada remembered with a pang that she had entirely forgotten to prepare her lessons for the next day. What should she do? It would never do to get into disgrace—so she took her books, and concealing herself behind the sofa, tried to learn as fast as she could, expecting every moment to be discovered and sent to bed.

Presently an unusual light shone upon the page of her book, and looking up in some alarm, she saw her bedroom candle presenting itself before her, prepared to light her at once to her room. Ada thought this candle would certainly lead at once to her discovery, and tried in vain to blow it out; the flame only waved about, flickered, and burned more brightly than ever. As she leaned over it in her efforts, her white muslin frock caught fire, and in an instant she was enveloped in flames. She succeeded in extricating herself from her corner, after setting fire to the muslin curtains—and rushed screaming into the middle of the room, to the utter amazement and horror of the assembled company. Her one idea was to escape, and realising with violent struggles all efforts made to help her, she rushed wildly from the room and up the stairs.

By the time she had reached her own room, flung herself upon the bed, and covered herself with the clothes, as a last hope of extinguishing the flames, her strength was quite exhausted.

She lay still, overwhelmed with misery and nearly stunned with the ringing of bells, the cries of her brothers and sisters, and the direful confusion she had caused.

At last the sounds ceased, and Ada ventured to open her eyes. Daylight was streaming in at the windows, the noise and bustle, the terrible fire, all had vanished. She was safe and unhurt in bed, and nurse was standing by her side.

"The bell rang five minutes ago, Miss Ada," she said, "and I have been knocking at your door and calling you for such a long time, that I came in at last to see if anything was the matter."

"Those must have been the sounds I heard in my dreadful dream," thought Ada, as she got up with a sense of unspeakable relief. She looked round the room, and from the sight of her clothes on the chair, her books on the shelves, her soap in the soap-dish, and her work-box shut and locked, she derived a pleasure which she had never before experienced from so simple a cause.

She did not tell her dream to anyone, but it was not without its effect. That morning, as she and Freddy were getting out their school-books, she astonished her brother with the remark, "How delightful it is to do everything for one's self!"

The Foster Brother.

BY A. C.

"Ye won't deny the face of her, will ye, Mr. Brady? It's Darcy, Darcy, Darcy, from the chin to the roots of the hair. And then the eye!—isn't that a certificate of the thrue breed, that would look down a dozen swearers before any justice in the counthry? Pooh! parjury would stand before it, by the same taken that there's nobody tried it."

The foregoing advocate's speech was spoken by no less a person than Miles Claverty, foster-brother and principal idler in the house of Darcy.

Miles was sitting on a reversed bucket, with his back conveniently supported against the wall of the stable. In his hand was a leather bag.

Mr. Brady, his friend, was one of those characters peculiar to the country, with a calling which he was very deaf to, being, when he was at work, a cross between a cobbler and a harness maker.

The third in this company was a bottle, lying on its side in an exhausted state, showing that the two disputants had maintained their argument with much spirit.

The argument had these grounds: first, a charming little girl had been brought home by Hugh Darcy, the second son, as the issue of a private marriage, during the old Darcy's life time. The mother being dead, he owned the little fair-haired child, and put her tiny feet on the hearthstone of the Darcys. Secondly, Hugh Darcy had been a wild slip; and so it came to pass that it was thought curious, as his father had been gone four years, that he had not brought home the little darling long before.

There was another yet to be astonished at this new arrival—his elder brother, Clement, who had left him as manager over the estate during a forced absence at Maderia with his wife and son, her health having caused him much alarm.

Hugh had very little fear of his brother's censure, for he had those papers, desired so anxiously by the curious, to establish the fair fame of his humble wife, and prove his darling child a true, legitimate Darcy. But he did not feel quite so confident on other points of his conduct, for he had, with the impetuous devil-me-care of his countrymen, spent much more money than his brother would approve of, besides involving himself in many personal difficulties, which must be liquidated on his brother's return. And thus, this very bright May morning, stood the affairs of the house of Darcy.

* * * * *

Hugh Darcy was seated in his library with an open letter-bag before him and a heap of letters scattered upon the table. None had been opened but the one which he held grasped in his hand, with his eyes fixed intently upon it, although their vacancy told that the mind was far away.

Miles Claverty now stood before him leaning upon the table, with his eyes furtively glancing from beneath his dark brows, scanning anxiously the agitated features of his foster-brother. His look of serious sympathy was evidently assumed, for there was a rejoicing feeling too evident in the curl of his lip, not to betray to the observer that something was passing through his mind to which he dared not give utterance.

"Are ye shure, dear masther, that the news is thrue?" said he. "Did the jintleman that sent me know before he threw us all into this grief and thrubble?"

Hugh started at the sound of his voice, and the color rushed over his previously pallid face, as if he had been caught in some act unworthy of him. What were his thoughts?

"True, Miles," said he, endeavoring to hide his confusion, "every word of it. You may depend, from such a source it is undoubted. Poor Clement, and poor kind sister! that you should die so far away from those who love you, and no Irish turf to cover you!"

He covered his face with his clasped hands, and wept.

"An' the boy'll be masther?" said Miles, after some time had passed in silence.

"Why of course, Miles, and I naturally shall be his guardian, and have the management of the estates. But I have not had the courage to read more than the first part of this fatal letter. Let me see, it goes on to say that my brother's son will return in a few weeks in the care of a responsible person, who will deliver him and the papers of instruction to me on his arrival—of course, of course, I'm his nearest of kin—and further, that on his arrival I am to write to a Lawyer Doolin, of Dublin, who is—what?—who is to be his trustee and steward until he is of age now wanting four years—and also guardian, conjointly with Father Toney, who has so long been his friend and adviser. I can read no more, for every word stabs me to my heart with the conviction that my brother has no faith in me, that loved him so truly. Oh Clement, Clement, you have visited your brother's imprudences with a censure that comes like a death-warrant to his future happiness. This mistrust, that all the world must know, will bring down upon me those who will be too ready to seize upon the little that remains to me from my mother's bequest, and who will thrust me into jail when that is found to be but a drop in the sea as compared to the extent of my liabilities."

"Ah, shure," said Miles, "the young masther has the blood of the Darcys in him, and will niver let the dhirty hands of the law soil the coat of his uncle, that he used to love so much."

"Miles," replied his master, "you do not understand; all control of money will be entirely out of his hands. These guardians will listen to nothing contrary to the letter of their instructions; but enough for the present! I must, however unwillingly, look through all these other letters.

At last Hugh exclaimed, as he unfolded an ominously shaped missive:

"Ah, here's the death-warrant! Miles, this is a facetious letter from that worthy limb-of-the-law, Doolin, asking my permission to pay me as early a visit as may be convenient to my honor, to arrange for the future receiving of the rents, and other matters, which he shall have much pleasure in discussing with me in his new character of trustee. Oh, Mr. Doolin, I'm afraid my accounts will bother your calculations!"

"Och masther, masther!" groaned Miles; "ye've a trusting sperrit, or ye'd not be drawn to put yerself within arm's length of a lawyer, who will tie ye hand and fut wid little bits of parchment, that they soy bind faster and shurer than bars and locks of iron. Oh the carrion crows, that niver graze upon the body while it can raise a finger to warn 'em off! Sure it's the nature of the bastes, and why will ye trust 'em when ye know it?"

"Don't talk, Miles," said Hugh, who was intently perusing the last letter the bag had contained. "Here is something more interesting than the terrible Mr. Doolin. Here is a letter from my late brother's agent, with the information that my brother's son and heir has been shipped with a friend of his who runs a small schooner on this coast, and has promised to run his bow-sprit into our dining-room windows, so that the young heir may walk easily into his inheritance; and further, that he may be expected within eight-and-forty hours after the receipt of this. So, my good Miles, get out the old flags, and the whiskey, and the old brass swivel, that he may be received with all honor by his tenantry. Throw care away, and put everything straight before we walk out, like well-bred dogs, of the house we can't stay in."

"Ah!" murmured Miles, as he quitted the presence of his master, "the thrubble is a spreading by the masther's laugh. Heaven save us, but that was a mighty blast! and how the ould weathercocks turn round and round to see where the wind came from that gave them all sich a blow behind their back! Shure it comes forrin," he continued, looking from the corridor window, "and the clouds are jostling each other like a crowd at a patther'n. That was a pretty flash, that lightning, and widout a rowl of thunder before it. Shure there's a storm a-brewing that'll knock the ould bay into soapsuds to wash the faces of the cliffs that have grown grimy all this dhry saison. Bang! there's the thunder coming at a pretty pace! How his chariot wheels rumble over the stones! same humor till the dark I'd take off me hat to ye wheniver ye'd come; and in case a sartain little ship, wid a sartain unwelcome passenger, was to miss her way and hurt the toes of her fore-foot on the rocks, shure it would be nobody's fault, and the lawyers would be saved a dale of thrubble and vexation in settling affairs."

* * * * *

In the twilight, which the wild storm soon hurried into darkness, might be seen the figure of a man sweeping the horizon with a telescope. There had he sat for hours upon a high peak of the cliff, which was perilous from the rush of the howling winds, but he seemed to heed them not. His thoughts were far away in the lurid horizon, and the surging waves of the sea. It was Miles, the foster brother, who sat there, whispering hopes that his better spirit would have thrust on one side, had not the over powering love for his master swallowed up all his natural goodness of character.

"And he'll niver know what I did for him," said he; "but I'll do it, for he shall not be ruined by this son of his brother, and doesn't the wind and the waves, and the thunder and lightning, say so wid their grand voices! But what is that I see, a bird fluttering on the waves!—Another flash! an' then I'll see. There it is, and thank them, for it is a schooner driving under mere rags. There she is again! an' now she's buried in the darkness! Oh, that she was buried indeed! What'll I do? The wind is so fierce, that I shall be blown away if I don't get into some hole."

He lowered himself gently to some feet below his dangerous perch, where he knew he should find the shelter he needed; and here he quickly ensconsed himself. But no sooner was he in comparative safety, than he commenced untying a bundle that was strapped over his shoulder, which, as he proceeded, showed a large stable lantern, in which was jammed a clot of candles, which he soon found the means of lighting; then, closing the door of the lantern securely, he held it out with a firm hand on the face of the cliff, the overhanging brow of which completely shielded him from observers, if any such could be expected on so dark and stormy a night to brave the dangers of such a locality.

His knotted brows, clenched teeth, and agitated features, showed distinctly by the lurid light the horrid state of tumult that was raging in his bosom; yet he relented not, but held on to his dreadful resolve with a fierce despair, for a voice that would be heard bade him despair, although the nearing vessel, misled by his false light, bounded and rolled on to destruction; for in the sea beneath him lay sunken, jagged rocks, that were sure and speedy death to the unfortunate mariners, who only beheld in the false light the guiding star of some bold and friendly hand, and so trusting, went on to death.

* * * * *

"Where is Miles?" said Hugh Darcy.

"Yer honor, he was to the fore jist at dark," answered one from among the throng of servants, "but it's at the beach he is, I'll be warrant to help any poor craturs out of their dhrownings, and a side of the boys is gone down to the creek afther him."

"Some one go and look for him," said Darcy; "he ought to be here. Sure he must know by this that it is all over with that doomed vessel, although we have much to be thankful for."

In the old entrance-hall of the house stood Hugh Darcy as he uttered those words, holding affectionately by the hand a handsome boy, who seemed quite bewildered by the scene. Two or three rough seafaring men, with torn habiliments, stood around, being plentifully supplied with steaming whiskey punch by the ready servants. The little Norah, awakened out of her first sleep, stood gazing with childish wonder at her newly found cousin. She had managed to get possession of his disengaged hand, which she held fondly between her dimpled fingers, endeavoring to impart their warmth to his.

The boy looked upon her little angel face for a moment, then drawing her to him kissed her affectionately. Hugh observing them, a smile passed across his agitated features, and joy entered his heart, for he had forgotten all the danger of his own position in thanksgiving for the providential saving of his brother's child, whose face bore every lineament of that brother who had loved him so well. Turning to the group of seamen, he said, addressing one who appeared to be a petty officer, "How many do you say were on board when the vessel struck?"

"About four and-twenty, sir," replied the man. "We six had just got the gentleman into the boat, and were preparing when, to our horror, the vessel struck upon the old sunken rocks that we calculated were half a mile to leeward, as we had shaped our course by the light which we thought was at the head of the bay. How it came where it was Heaven only knows; for, by whatsoever accident it did come there, it caused the destruction of the schooner, and the hurrying into eternity of some four and twenty unprepared souls, full of rejoicing at their expected deliverance."

At this, movement was observed among the people at the lower end of the hall, and the drenched form of Miles came forth. He was senseless and apparently half dead.

Hugh shuddered as he looked upon him, and dark suspicions entered his mind when the strange words Miles had lately uttered were coupled with the sad catastrophe of the night; and he feared that for the love of himself, Miles had sinned most grievously.

Low mutterings now began to issue from the lips of the prostrate Miles. His master raised him gently, and ordered him to be carried to his room and to be carefully attended to: then taking a hand of each of the children he sought his chamber with a heavy heart.

The next morning found Hugh Darcy closeted with the shrewd lawyer Doolin, who had arrived in expectation of seeing the heir. What was his surprise when that worthy person showed him his instructions received from Clement some months before, wherein he was empowered to examine into his liabilities and settle them honorably.

As these cheering tidings chased away the care and anxiety from his brow, his joy was increased by the lawyer's pointing out to him the young Clement approaching the house, with a bouquet of flowers which he was carrying for the little fairy Norah, whose slippers were wet with the dew, so early had she been out to chaperon her cousin into all the mazes around the property.

"Hugh Darcy," said the lawyer, "if we sit still and let time work its wonders, those two lovely children will find us something to do."

"So be it," returned Hugh with a smile—"all in good time; although I am happier now than my folly has deserved."

* * * * * * *

Years rolled on, and a harmless maniac roamed about the Darcy property; the voice of Hugh alone had the power to rouse him from his dreamy apathy; who alone suspected the truth of the dark mystery that had shattered the reason of poor Miles.

At his voice a sickly smile would illuminate his careworn features for a moment, and he would slink away a blank idiot. So time gradually stole away the strength of the strong man until he became almost a shadow.

One noisy, boisterous night he was observed by some peasants, in the evening twilight, making his way among the slippery boulders of rock, waving the remnants of a lantern over his head, with wild frantic gestures, and screaming like a storm bird, but he was too far off for them to distinguish what was the subject of his ravings. The next morning his bruised dead body was found upon the beach.

Hugh Darcy prayed long and fervently for the soul of the mistaken man who had sinned so deeply from the love he bore him, and he felt that he, from his early follies, was not to be entirely absolved from the onus of the deed that those follies had caused.

* * * * *

"Norah, Norah!" shouted young Clement Darcy, as he dismounted from his horse at the old Hall porch, "where are you, you Irish fairy?"

"Here, Mr. King-of-the-Castle!" she replied, immediately on his summons; for if the truth must be told, she had been watching for him as she had often done before. "What makes you so loud this evening that you frighten the birds in the caves out of their first sleep?"

He gave her a saucy answer; but she did not resent it; so I suppose they had agreed not to quarrel about such trifles.

Arm in arm they wandered through the deep glades until they came to a pretty rustic seat. Here they sat down close together; they were obliged to do so as the seat was originally only made for one; and Clement produced the smallest parcel from his waistcoat pocket; but Norah looked another way.

"Fairy," said he, putting his arm around her slender waist, and laughing in the slyest manner, "I've bought a fairy ring, but it is so very small that that I do not believe that you will be able to wear it."

"Clement!" said Norah.

Now it is on record that was all she said. Her hand was lying gently on his, and the ring did fit; but he took it away again, only to give it her forever a few days after. Yet she, the lovely little fairy, had never said that she would have it; but bold Master Clement knew that she would not refuse it, and thus became his wife in reality, although he had always called her his little wife ever since her warm hand clasped his on the night of the dreadful shipwreck, when so many poor souls were lost, and when poor Miles, the foster-brother, lost his wits.

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FAYE OF THE ISLE.

A MEMORY.

I.

Fair queen, on thy sea cliff throne!
Low breaks on thy lofty seat
The far-off finctuant moan
Of tireless tides that beat;
While shadows of love's sweet mood
Mellow thy deep, clear eyes;
Far fixed o'er the shimmering flood
Where the purpling sunset dies.

II.

And thy strength of golden hair
Falls free from its folded rest
In the soft, sea laden air,
Out of the gates of the West!—
O, queen of a day gone by!
O, haunting music sweet,
Of summer winds that sigh,
Of tides that tireless beat.

—Rob Roy.

SYLVIA;

—OR—

The Fernley Pride.

CHAPTER XXII.—[CONTINUED.]

"She was not more," he said, with a mixture of pride and anger. "She was brought up in Italy. Directly we came to England, by some chance a picture-dealer saw some of her old copies from the old masters, and some original works. He bought them, gave her some commissions for more, and from that time she has never been without employment."

"She is too young and pretty to live alone."

He shrugged his shoulders and sipped his wine.

"You have been so careful of thy mother that I wonder you allow your daughter to be unprotected."

"The people were she lodges are respectable people, and Lisa is a steady, practical girl, and can take care of herself; besides, she is so headstrong that from the age of sixteen I have never been able to manage her."

Mr. Gilbert's face was flushing—I feared I was on tender ground; Lisa was certainly wilful.

"I shall try to get her to live here," I said.

"I can only hope you will succeed, my dear—it would be a great comfort to me, of course, but I quite despair. I will give you her address, though her apartments will shock you, accustomed as you are to splendor."

"I was not always accustomed to splendor, you know. When I lived with Paul Massey——"

I stopped abruptly. My uncle was in the act of pouring out a glass of wine; the decanter suddenly dropped from his hand, and the wine went gurgling out of it all over the table.

"What name did you say?" he asked in a curious tone, still leaning with one hand upon the table, as if pouring out the wine, and turning his face to me.

"Paul Massey, the man who stole me from my father. You must have heard the story before."

He rubbed his forehead.

"No," he said slowly, "I have never heard that story before. I thought that banditti were the thieves, not Paul Massey."

He sat down hastily, tapping the table with his trembling fingers, not noticing that he was thus dabbling them in the wine. There was a singular look on his face, his full cheeks were haggard and flaccid, and his eyes turned thoughtfully on the fire.

"Did you know Paul Massey?" I asked, struck by his appearance.

"I? No, no, certainly not. The name struck me—that's all. I did not know the name of the man who stole you, nor does Julia, I think—your mother, I mean. We both blamed the banditti for that."

It was perhaps not very respectful to his veracity to say that I thoroughly disbelieved him, and I instantly determined to satisfy myself. I left him sitting brooding over the fire, and sought my mother in her room. She was dressed in a thin flowing white-and-pink morning-robe, sipping her chocolate, and surveying a grand evening toilet her maid had laid out on the bed.

"Dearest Sylvia, how pleasant that the same impulse moves us! I was on the point of seeking you," she said sweetly, looking up from stirring her chocolate, "to ask a little favor of you."

I waited to hear it.

"We have been so long apart from sad circumstances that many of my friends are not aware that I had a daughter. It would be so strange to undeceive them at this hour; it might create what I dread—a fuss. My nerves are too delicate to bear the harrowing past revived, so will you call me 'Mrs. Crawford' in public, dearest, instead of the endearing name I so love from you?"

"Certainly, and, to prevent mistakes, in private too." I felt a thrill of scorn come over me, mixed with an odd sensation of relief. I cared as little to call her "mother" as she cared to be called it.

"I was married so very young," she said apologetically, "and, when one is not used to it, it seems a little awful to announce oneself at once as an old woman."

"Pray say no more," I returned coldly, and continued rather ironically. "Of course you look old enough to have a daughter of twenty-one, but not perhaps old enough to be my mother. At your age I shall look ten years older at least. And now let me ask if you know whether my father ever gave any cause for enmity to a man named Paul Massey."

It was strange. There was the same start, the same dead, blank pause. Her beautiful eyes dilated as she said irrelevantly—

"Paul has been dead for years."

She did not deny knowing the name at least.

"Do you know how he died?" I asked quickly.

"Something about it," she said, looking down and arranging her frills. "It was—it was perhaps in the newspapers. Oh, no, I should not have remembered that! Ah, I recollect now! He was a common sort of a man, and related to one of my servants—she must have told me something about him."

"And you know of no reason for enmity between him and my father!"

She shook her head more firmly, and then fixed her eyes upon me. I went to my own room, and then came back quickly.

"I want to be sure that you know my early life up to the time that I went to Mrs. Escombe's, because I fancy we are on the track of the enmity which occasioned my being stolen," I said with energy, preparing to throw myself into the subject and try to get a little light upon it; but she shrank back from me, crying peevishly—

"I tell you that I do not know anything of Paul Massey. What is he to me? You speak as if I knew him."

"You acknowledge he was related to one of your servants. I cannot tell you how I long to clear this up. Hear all I have to say, and you will be anxious too."

"I will not!" she cried angrily. "Why do you open this useless question? I think you delight in vexing me, Sylvia. You know how weak my nerves are—see how my hand trembles. I've had a great deal of suffering, and my nerves are like harp-strings—they quiver at the least touch. I know nothing about it; but it is possible the man you speak of offended your father. He was a fearful man when roused."

"My father!"

"Both of them. Oh, what am I saying! My poor head is confused! Ring for my maid, Sylvia; I will dress now."

"Look at this first," I said suddenly. "No, don't touch it; you might not like to do so."

"What a horrible piece of paper! It makes me feel faint to look at it." She took it impatiently out of my hand, and held it near the candle as she ran over it. "Ah," she screamed suddenly, "Paul Massey stole you! Are these blood-stains!" And shuddering, she dropped the confession of Paul Massey which I had brought her, and went off into violent hysterics.

CHAPTER XXIII.

I visited Lisa Gilbert. I found her occupying two rooms in a large gloomy house in a dingy old-fashioned street. She was living, not as a woman, but as an artist—alone. The house was let off to artists; half a dozen bell handles graced the side of the street door, and I was well scolded by an irate and smutted servant for pulling the wrong one, and left the to wander up the wide stone flight by myself, and find out by instinct which was Lisa's "oak" among the many doors I passed.

Happily a polite gentleman in a velvet coat, and fearfully pale and bearded, happened to come out, and directed me to a door where I found a card hanging to the handle, and written on it, "Back at four," to which some ribald wit had added, "A. M. A-hem!" The door was locked.

I sat on the stairs and stared at this till I thought the last inscription was becoming a truth; but, just as I was getting tired of having to rise often from my resting-place to allow ladies and gentlemen in various styles of artistic dress and undress to pass up and down, a little steady step tripped lightly up-stairs, and Lisa came up wonderingly.

"I've just come from the club," she said, as if that was not a staggering announcement to make, "where I dine, you know;" and, drawing out a key, with a business-like air she admitted me into an apartment of heterogeneous contents.

Of three windows two were wholly blocked up, and the middle one half, and the concentrated light fell strongly on a straddling lay-figure, dressed like a cavalier, who strongly recommended burnt sack in his own person by the tipsy gravity with which he warned me off from a little china equipage for five o'clock tea, thereby committing a gross anachronism by pretending to appreciate the danger of that beverage to a future generation. A beau's muff, immense in size, of the time of the second George was balanced by a pair of pointed shoes, fit for a courtier of Edward the Fourth's reign, with silver chains to fasten them back to the knee. The centuries jostled together in that moderate-sized apartment, filled with rolls of unstretched canvas, pictures, horrible *scorches*, yards of mysterious drapery, easels, oils, and brushes.

"Welcome to Bohemia!" cried Lisa gaily, as she piloted me to a safe seat. "If I had expected a swell like you, I'd have cleared my decks a little."

I looked round and back to the trim dainty figure in soft buff-colored garments, a perfect little lady from head to heel—very lofty ones—these last belonging to a smart pair of small silver-buckled shoes.

"My dear, you're a perfect centipede! What can you possibly want with so many feet?"—looking at the plaster-casts scattered about. "Is it possible you live here?"

She nodded and laughed.

"And sometimes it is so dusty, when I'm very busy and dare not move anything for fear of disturbing folds in drapery, and so forth. When I get richer, I won't live in my workshop, you know. But don't despise it; it has been everything to me." Her mobile face changed, her bright eyes glittered.

"But why, Lisa? I have come to fetch you home with me; I want you dreadfully. Half my pleasure has been in thinking that we should be friends."

"And so we shall be," she cried heartily—"but you in your grand house, and I in my workship. Believe me, we are equals thus, which I should not be living on your bounty. Come often and see me, dear Mrs. Fernley; and I will come occasionally; but, once for all, I will not leave this place while I respect myself. I am respected by those around me, and lead an honest and, thank Heaven, an industrious life."

I could not understand, but I admired her spirit.

"I was going to ask you to paint my portrait," I said, crestfallen. "Perhaps, though I'm no beauty, my mother might like it."

She burst into a peal of mirth.

"You transparent creature! I won't paint your portrait—yes, I will, and give it to you;" and she rushed at me and kissed me violently. "There, there, we're not like ladies; let us be grave again. Do you know what day it is? No! Benighted creature! The last day for receiving pictures at the Academy, and I have a few more touches to do here before I send mine off. Don't go; I like to have you here, but I can't stop working."

She sought a comfortable seat for me, threw off her hat, and, taking up a palette ready set with color, went to work.

"What a large circle of friends my mother seems to have!" I remarked, as she was pausing, brush in hand, over some difficulty of her art.

"Gentleman friends—yes," she said, looking up with a slight contemptuous smile. "If you observe, you will find that aunt Julia strictly obeys Scripture in loving all men as her brothers, but you will discover that she finds neither spiritual nor elective affinity with the other sex."

"Lisa, you must not say such things to me."

"Very well; you will find it out for yourself soon enough, Mrs. Fernley. You are a baby in this sort of knowledge, but I've had the benefit of growing up under your mother's tender influence."

"Why do you always call me 'Mrs. Fernley?'" I asked, to drop the other discussion while she was in a biting vein.

"Because I prefer to do so, I suppose," she answered drily.

"And shall I call you 'Miss Gilbert' then?"

"As you like"—but her little brown face was dyed with a warm crimson, and the tiny fingers trembled so that she had to stop painting.

"What is the reason?" I asked, kneeling by her to put my arms round her waist. "You mite! I know there's some deep reason for it. Come, tell me; be honest. I heard that was your character before I saw you."

"Who said so?"—and as she looked at me her lips quivered.

"Lord Towerscourt."

If possible, she blushed an even deeper red, and then grew as pale.

"Lord Towerscourt calls me honest. He thinks himself a judge of character."

"I think he is; for he said, moreover, that you were a pert little puss—and I'm sure that's true."

A little smile just flickered over her lips, and then she said with energy—

"He may be right there, but I would not give much for his penetration elsewhere."

"And are you not honest?"

Certainly the glance I got of her beautiful eyes was curiously eloquent; then she dropped them proudly and said "No."

I was looking at her earnestly when Eustace walked in.

"Tableau—the Secret. Mrs. Fernley on the scent—Miss Gilbert with a sphinx-like expression of tragic meaning. Out with it, my dear Lisa! Believe me, I would as soon see a housemaid act Lucrezia Borgia as you try to look mysterious. The character does not suit your style."

I did not agree with him; some inner light, some hidden feeling, was in her sparkling face as, disregarding his rude speech, she looked rapidly at us and laid her little trembling hand on my neck. Towerscourt, saying my mother had told him where I was, sat down. He was in a teasing humor, and stared at her hand placidly, while varied expressions flitted over her face.

"Notwithstanding your painful want of dignity, I vow you're a pretty girl," he observed deliberately, fully aware that nothing so roused her anger as personal notice.

The troubled look melted; she tossed her head with airy defiance.

"Do you think that I do not know that? Save yourself the trouble of saying that for the future!" she cried with spirit.

"If you do, you might have the decency to keep the knowledge to yourself."

"How can I, when everyone is telling me so? It's of no use being unconscious any longer. I do think I'm a pretty girl—the prettiest I know. There, Lord Towerscourt—make the best of that avowal." And she did look wonderfully pretty as she made the audacious statement.

"Bravo!" he cried heartily, clapping his hands, delighted to have drawn her out. "Honesty for ever!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

The influence of the approaching Christmas is felt even in the subject of fashion which has far greater interest in its suggestions of something pretty and novel for a gift than its relations to the ordinary topics of dress. Much of the success of any kind of a gift, is its combination of the beautiful and useful, for while the former is generally found, the latter is more frequently left out. Something pretty in laces is always a welcome gift, and the various novelties to be had now are so pretty and all so satisfactorily the want of one's toilette, they leave nothing to be desired. Breton lace is one of the most successful imitations of the real, and the variety of articles in which it is used testifies to its popularity. It is made into the most tasteful fichus, collars and caps, combined with fine batiste—also handkerchiefs, three-cornered or square, for the neck, which ornament so becomingly a simple costume at home.

Black French lace is also tastefully used in the same manner, in connection with black net, and to this is added the colored laces in gold thread or Pompadour colors which produce some charming effects in dress ornamentation. Mr. Wanamaker has placed the prices of these articles at such figures as to come within the most moderate means. Embroidered handkerchiefs show exquisite combinations of colors by which they can be becomingly utilized into an adornment for dress. Silk handkerchiefs are shown in such endless variety as to bewilder one in selection.

While on the subject of handkerchiefs I may also add that every kind of handkerchief is now converted into caps—cambric bordered with lace or colored embroidery, silk plain-bordered handkerchiefs, and silk with embroidered borders; and the shapes are as various as the material used. The most usual plan is to form a foundation of coarse net and wire, not much raised, rather flat at the top, and fitting the head closely. A very usual way of making is to fold one point, so that it falls over the face, allow one corner to disappear in folding the handkerchief over the crown, while the two other ends meet and fall at the back. I will describe another shape bought in Paris. The crown is the circular crown of a bonnet shape, 19 inches round, 2 inches deep in front, 1½ inches at back; bound with ribbon, and bordered with muslin lace edged frilling, so that the lace just comes beyond the shape. The handkerchief, 18 inches square, is a plain cream silk, with red silk border. One straight edge is laid across the front; a horizontal box plait just above the border, and fastened at either side; the two other ends are folded square, and meet together at the back. The effect is curious off the head, but becoming on.

In dress there is nothing to chronicle except the modifications which are being introduced to vary the styles already established for the winter.

As winter advances, grenat or claret is very obviously the favorite color of the season—it is rich, gay, and generally becoming. For dinner wear a claret ribbed velvet or Pekin canaquin, with an embroidered satin waistcoat, looks well with a black velvet or faille skirt, or with a light colored Indian cashmere skirt, much draped. Many bege or fawn cashmeres dressed or trimmed with tartan plaid satin bands, are made with long satin waistcoats to match. Too long universally worn waistcoats are made in several different ways. Of course the real old waistcoats are the most sought after; but they are seldom obtainable, and they require a special toilette; but a pretty waistcoat, to be worn with almost any dress, can be made of brocade, with a light gown, such as chamois pale green, &c., covered with flowers of darker shade. Ribbed velvet and satin-embroidered waistcoats are also beautiful.

A visiting suit may be of cachemire and silk, in two shades of gray combined with broche goods in several colors. The cachemire skirt has a train trimmed with a plaited flounce and a box plaiting both of silk. The front is trimmed in the shape of an apron, with silk and cachemire ruffles. The sides of the apron are trimmed with long cachemire revers bordered with a band of broche goods. These revers extend to the back.

A long cachemire tunique covers the back of the skirt; it is slightly draped and surrounded with a plaiting. The Louis XV vest is of broche goods, closed by means of gilt buttons. The cachemire jacket opens over the vest. It has a turn down silk collar and large revers terminating at the waist in shawl shape. The back has only three seams. The small side pieces are draped with the plaits taken under the silk revers. Down the seams of these small revers which are in the light broche goods, are gilt buttons. On the outside of the sleeve is a revers matching those in the back of the jacket. The gray felt bonnet matching this suit has a plain turned down brim in front. The back turns up and is bound up with a green velvet. Under the brim is a bandeau of green velvet. Around the crown is a drapery of velvet. Two feathers start from under a velvet bow and a gilt buckle, and fall over the front of the crown to the right and left. The satin strings are fastened on the side of the brim under gilt buckles.

Our Fireside Chat.

Home Made Christmas Gifts.—Christmas is of all seasons of the year inextricably associated with the idea of presents, given and received, and long before the happy day arrives, it has its thousands of messengers at work pleasantly suggesting the coming "merry making." The magical legend "Holiday Gifts," which in every hue is written in the myriad of places where the pretty gifts abound, transforms even dull indifference into a creature bright with hope of something coming, and sends a sort of thrill of pleasant anticipation through every one's mind, while even Nature, although robbed of all her summer glory, lends her aid in the spicy, fragrant evergreens which now seem to suggest the happy times to come, when they will shine with lighted tapers and all the gifts which loving hands can make. There are many ways in which the presents are given, but the most popular is the Christmas tree, which seems more akin with the legendary associations of St. Nicholas' visit, but even without a tree and all its gay accessories, a great deal of kindly feeling is produced by the interchange of simple gifts and much consideration and forethought are required in a large family to enable each to select welcome and appropriate gifts for the other.

In families where the children have but little or no pocket money, there should never be the necessity of relinquishing the pleasant custom, for "where there's a will there's a way," and most trifling gifts can be as endeared by the loving forethought that planned and the deft fingers that executed them as the most costly treasure to be found. Girls, of course, have the advantage over boys, for their fingers are trained and the little articles they can construct are quite innumerable. Muffatees and mittens to wear over gloves are always acceptable, and so are well-knitted socks, caps, or the more ambitious jacket. For small brothers, bags for marbles and skates, or pen-wipers for school are useful, and slippers, embroidered cases for photographs, cigars or sachets for cravats and handkerchiefs, or the initials prettily embroidered in the latter, are acceptable to big brothers, or husbands.

Although one has but to go in some shop to find plenty of lovely gifts which can solve the perplexing question what to give, there are many people whose limited purse precludes these advantages, so they must depend on self ingenuity and industry to produce all that is requisite. A few guiding hints therefore will be of some use to my readers. I have seen some very pretty letter-cases made of brown holland bound with red or blue braid, and filled with blotting-paper for writing. If one has artistic skill the cover can be ornamented with a little cluster of flowers painted, or some effective ornament can be pasted on. The case is made the usual size for a blotting pad, and the cover of cardboard is covered with the linen, a band of elastic on each inside will hold paper and envelopes, and the blotting paper passed through an elastic band to keep it in place the edges are bound with braid. These covers can be also made of ecru aida canvas and a design first worked on the centre of each. Receptacles for spills are made of this material by cutting it in the shape of a slipper, and adding cardboard and a silk lining and sewing it to the sole previously covered in the same way. A loop is added to hang it to the wall; they can also be made of satin or silk, and ornamented with beads.

Many pretty little pincushions can be made from scraps of silk, ribbon or velvet which are accumulated from one year to another. A bunch of hearts is a pretty design all of different colors, the hearts should be as small as possible, and each one double, so as to allow pins to be inserted between and all tied together by a bright bow, others are made in the shape of a guitar with pins stuck in all around the edge, a pair of bellows, or a banjo, or a fish, are effective designs for the small pincushions so useful an adjunct to one's work basket. Pen wipers made in the form of a butterfly with bright colored cloth and silks are effective, and others in the form of an oyster shell, cut in cardboard and covered with silk, the upper shell having gold braid sewn on all around close together until the under part is hidden. Inside there are two or three pieces of cloth cut in the same shape, pinked on the edge.

For a bureau or toilet table gift there are many little tasteful things which can be made without much expense. Cigar boxes covered with white Swiss over pink or blue muslin and a quilling of lace or ribbon are very useful. Glove boxes of the same foundation can be covered with silk and scrap pictures pasted on, or canvas is smoothly fitted on after working tiny stars or set figures in various colors over it, and knots of ribbon in each corner. Toilet covers are very novel in effect when made of linen, and a design worked on in outline stitch. The design should represent some familiar "Mother Goose" legend, or some pretty Chinese story. These can be purchased already stamped for $1.25 and up. In addition to these articles is a variety of "catch alls," which are almost indispensable at the side of a bureau to receive burnt matches, &c. The most popular design for these is the straw cuff and a silk bag sewed on the bottom or smallest end and a ribbon loop across the upper part. The Japanese straw cuff is especially devoted to the purpose, but now a new style is made of a fine basket pattern, more easily worked, and the design is frequently stamped on or in a pretty appliqué pattern of leaves and flowers; these are in different sizes and sell for 20 cents and upwards. The same style of straw is used in small square scrap baskets for library tables and are worked in a style similar to those hung up by the toilet table. The latter are very useful for holding the knitting ball, as the ribbon loop handle can easily be passed over the arm.

A "catch all" can also be made of a square of silver or gold perforated paper, a small design is worked over the surface, and it is then folded by joining the two edges together, forming a cornucopia, binding them first with ribbon; trim with a quilling of ribbon and line with plain silver or gilt paper, or colored to match the trimmings.

Another pretty style of scrap bag is easily made of this perforated paper. A strip of the paper is cut about 12 inches long and 6 inches wide, embroider it all over in large cross stitches in bright colors, a piece of cardboard is cut the same size, and lined with silk to match the embroidery, sew the two ends together to form a circle and lay the silver paper smoothly on it, and stitch it down neatly, then trim the edges with quilled ribbon; this forms the top of the bag, and for the bottom crochet in ordinary stitch a long bag and sew it to the silver paper under the lower quilling and finish off the bottom with a tassel or ribbon bow.

Scrap bags are also made of Turkish toweling or even linen or canvas, on which are appliqued some design; these are cut in four pieces, twelve inches long and six wide, shaped in a small point at the top and a large point at the bottom, and sewed together after binding each one with colored worsted braid. Wall pockets are useful presents and easily made in a variety of designs. Those who are fond of spill work will find them very useful as a wall pocket for holding grasses and autumn leaves. For a wall-pocket weave the squares, each containing six spills each way. The one which forms the background is larger than the other. Line the smaller of the squares with colored silk or muslin, and fasten it over the other in such a way that the four points shall make a diamond, the points of which are in the centre of each side of the square back piece. Fasten each point by a tiny little bow of ribbon and add to the top two spills which are crossed at the top and ornamented by a similar bow. Fill it with dried grasses, wheat and autumn leave and ferns. There are innumerable lovely baskets which have been recently introduced as especially adapted for wall and scrap baskets, and requiring but little ornament to make them as pretty as one can wish.

These wall baskets vary in price from 50 cents up, and are generally trimmed with an embroidered band or lambrequin, cut in three points, blue scarlet or black flannel is used; with sometimes another row of points of a contrasting color showing between the edges of all are simply pinked in scallops and a tiny star worked in each, while a design in point Russe stitch or an appliqué figure is carried out in the centre of each point and a tassel is on the end of each. These bands are also made of aida canvas, embroidered or small Japanese scraps are laid on a stiff foundation, cut as a lambrequin and bordered with velvet which is buttonholed on in colored silks. Knitting or shopping straw bags are a useful present and are ornamented on the sides with a cluster of worsted cherries or flowers and leaves appliqued on, or bright ribbon is run in the braid. These are from 60 cts upwards. Round and square scrap baskets have become very popular to be placed under the sitting-room or library table. Ribbon or strips of bright colored paper cambric may be run in and out the stick and ribbon bows on each side and have a very nice effect but for those who can embroider I should recommend a lambrequin of canvas or cloth prettily worked in silks or wool.

Very pretty bedroom table covers can be made by a square of ecru linen or a pretty shade of serge flannel, trimmed on the edge with different colored bands of flannel, each band about two inches wide and the same distance apart. For example a dark blue flannel serge may be trimmed with bands of orange, black, scarlet, and the lightest shade of blue or green, harmoniously arranged. These bands are button-holed on with colored silk or wool, or merely slip stitched, and a narrow gilt braid each side, the bands cross at the corners and the ends extend to the edge of the cover, and each band is finished off by a tassel; a worsted fringe is knitted in the edge all around. Japanese scrap pictures may be appliqued on the corners of a square of colored cloth, or it may be a square of mummy cloth or aida canvas, which are much used for such fancy work, and a pretty design worked all around in different colored wools and silks. Another pretty trimming for a square of dark cloth is a narrow band of ticking embroidered in each stripe, varying the stitch and colors. It has a very rich effect on a dark blue or maroon cloth table covers.

The Japanese scrap pictures—which are so popular—can be utilized in a variety of pretty Christmas gifts. Placed in the centre of a square of canvas they make lovely tidies, bordered by a band of black velvet or colored ribbon worked on each edge in button hole stitch, a fringe or Russian lace on the edge. They also make pretty lambrequins for a corner bracket, by sewing three together on a stiff foundation, with a border of velvet or colored ribbon around each square, worked on the edges as the above, and stitches taken through the centre in colored silks to imitate Japanese letters. A fringe is on the lower band of velvet, or large wooden button moulds, with a hole in the centre, are gilded over, a tiny little design may be painted on the gilt surface to give a Japanese effect. These are fastened together by a thread caught in by a large gilt spangle over the hole, and a tassel of different colored silks is suspended from the closely fastened edges. These ornament the edge of the lambrequin with a very original effect.

A five o'clock tea table, as it is called, but which also serves for many other purposes, is a pretty and useful gift. The three legs may be of common pine, either gilded or stained to imitate walnut or ebony, and are crossed through a ball in the centre, or are fastened on the top and extend in oblique lines, four in number, but the table when finished is but a little higher than the seat of an ordinary cane chair, so that it is easily brought within one's reach when sitting; the top is of common white pine and may be covered with any material, serge velvet, or canvas or linen, tacked on very smoothly, a lambrequin is fastened on by gilt nails all around the edge, and it is in this that fancy and taste can display itself. A simple trimming of imitation Russian lace is pretty, surmounted by a band of black velvet, on which are fastened the nails, or a row of velvet and a row of lace insertion, then velvet, edged with lace, increases the effect. Embroidered bands are effective, and for these the woven borders of jute cloth are also pretty, working over the woven pattern in colored wools—Japanese scraps arranged as for the corner bracket are also effective, and one scrap can be neatly appliqued in the centre. These tables are so useful as well as effective that even as furniture they recommend themselves. Anyone can procure the legs at a turning mill; they should be turned to some effective pattern, that which is like the corkscrew is effective, and then have them stained or gilded and mounted on a plain pine top by some cabinet-maker for a trifling expense, but frequently home ingenuity and fingers can accomplish all this work. Another pretty work is a set of doyles made of small squares of linen fringed on the edge, and the design worked in outline in the centre, to resemble etching. Black silk has a very graphic effect in embroidering these pictures, or various colors may be used, but the prettiest are those carried out in one color, blue or black, small in design and are friezed on the edge.

The Japanese scraps are very effectively used to screens with smaller pictures between or only showing the background of colored or gilt paper.

A large folding screen can be made of a folding clothes-horse; the wood is painted solid black and covered inside and out with very strong unbleached muslin stretched very tightly on both sides, and fastened down by worsted braid and gilt nails; on this foundation is pasted very carefully plain wall paper in color to suit one's fancy, and on this taste and ingenuity can carry out the ornamentation—Japanese scraps in large or small size, or small scrap pictures, autumn leaves and ferns, in fact anything; pictures from magazines and illustrated papers of good subjects are considered desirable.

To return to the subject of simple articles, which younger people will find easy to make, there are a great many little things which are so useful they are equivalent to others of much greater expense and value. Spectacle cases are very easily made out of card board covered neatly with brown kid or silk embroidered in floss silk. A piece of the card board is cut a little longer than the spectacles, and round at each end; the top piece is a little shorter and when sewed together the end is left open. To accompany this case are spectacle wipers made of two leaf-shaped pieces of chamois, bound on the edge with ribbon and fastened together by a bow. A foot warmer is very useful for all ladies who, when sitting for some time, are so liable to suffer from cold feet. The bag is made twelve inches square, of coarse thick muslin and filled with sand, which can be heated in the oven. The slip cover is of bright colored reps or merino, bordered with a fringe or quilling, and the monogram worked in the centre, or it may be of patch-work or canvas, which can be embroidered in some pretty designs. One side of the cover can be left open so the bag of sand can be slipped out and in when it is to be heated, and loops and buttons are added to hold it in place.

A shawl bag is an excellent thing to have, and would be an acceptable gift to many, for it is equally useful for other articles of dress in traveling. The material is strong Holland linen; cut two round end pieces eight inches in diameter, and a straight piece about half a yard wide by twenty-four inches long. Stitch each side of this piece on the circular end pieces, leaving the ends nearly open all the way across, and close it with button holes and buttons, covered with the same material. Bind the seams with worsted braid, and make a two inch band of the linen double, for the handle, which is stitched firmly on to the centre of the opening side. The monogram may be worked on one side, or the initials of the person's name, and a feather stitch in worsted carried out along each side of the braid all around. Very handsome flower pot covers can also be made of very inexpensive materials: cut the shape of the flower pot in card board, cover it with upright rows of wheat, arranged closely together, and the heads projecting above the hat; bright-colored ribbon is passed in and out, forming a succession of rows on the whole cover, leaving equal spaces the width of the ribbon in running it in and out. A large round piece is covered with bright colored material to match the flower pot cover; then cut the wheat off to the heads short enough to trim the edge of this circular piece; tack them on all around so as to project a little beyond the edge, a bow of ribbon is added to each side of the flower pot cover.

I must not forget to describe a very handsome library scrap basket which I have recently seen. The basket is square in shape, and about twelve inches in height. Each side is ornamented by a Japanese scrap picture, laid on a foundation of aida canvas, which is embroidered in fancy stitches and colors. A quilling of scarlet braid trims the top and four corners of scarlet braid trims the top and four corners of the basket; a narrow black velvet outlines the edge of each picture.

ANSWERS TO ALL INQUIRERS

RANCHO, (Shasta, Cal.)—There is no such work published.

L. K. (Butler, Pa.)—The firm you mention is not responsible.

E. (Chicago, Ill.)—He not have anything to do with the gentleman.

U. I. (Harrisburg, Pa.)—Write again and state your case more clearly.

ALPHA, (Phila., Pa.)—The Latin language ceased to be spoken as a national tongue in Italy about 600.

CUT-DIRECT, (Pittsburg, Pa.)—It is the part of a lady to recognize a gentleman acquaintance first, when meeting in the street.

S. E. (Germantown, Pa.)—If your lady friend is so jealous of you when her admirer is present, the best thing you can do is to abstain from visiting at her house.

HARRY, (Jasper, Iowa.)—Brussels is the capital of Belgium, and has nothing to do with Paris. If you do not know your friend's address, we can suggest no means of ascertaining it.

TOM THUMB, (Albay, N. Y.)—There is no rule how tall a person ought to be at a particular age, nor whether he should be fleshy or not. It depends on the constitutional tendencies of the individual, and habits.

S. H. (Effingham, Ill.)—If the young lady does not return your presents when the engagement is broken off, and you have written fruitlessly once, it would seem useless to write again. Better let the question rest.

BOOTHMAN, (Phila., Pa.)—Mrs. Siddons, the great actress, died in Upper Baker Street, Portman Square, London, Eng., on June 8th, 1831, aged 75 years. She was buried in Paddington Church, in the same city.

BUCHER, (Richland, La.)—The authorities in matters of education consider geography and history to be the foundation of all general knowledge. The one includes space, the other time, in reference to our own planet.

C. (Amber, N. Y.)—The young man has behaved very unhandsomely to you; but your best course will be to strive hard to dismiss him from your mind, and to treat him with the coolest indifference when you happen to meet.

HOYTE, (Knox, Ill.)—You are making a mountain out of a mole hill. Propose to the young lady at once and learn your fate. If all that you say is true, she may reject you; but the sooner you bring the case to an issue, the better your chance of success.

SWEET BRIAR, (Perry, Me.)—It was very foolish of you to quarrel with your lover for so slight a cause. The explanation he gave ought to have satisfied you. As he is desirous of being friendly to you again, you had better make the little concession he asks.

HELEN MAC, (Nemaha, Kans.)—You must judge for yourself. We, however, recommend you to refrain as much as you can from nurturing an affection for a young gentleman of fortune, until he is very distinct and very respectful in his attentions. By all means consult your parents and follow their advice.

KETCHUP, (Portage, Me.)—Bottles when filled with water and exposed to frost burst on account of the expansion which takes place when the water becomes ice. All bodies, with one exception (water), contract when cooled and expand when heated. At a temperature of 40 degrees water is at its greatest density. Change the temperature either way, and it expands.

D. L. (West Phila., Pa.)—Vulcanized or galvanized india-rubber was invented by Mr. Goodyear, an American. It consists of the rubber combined with two or three per cent. of sulphur heated at a temperature of about 280 degrees; the rubber then acquires all those new properties which render it of service in various manufactures, as it is not again altered by climate or temperature.

SUE, (Centreville, Iowa.)—The following may banish the pimples you complain of: Eat an orange or two every morning before breakfast, drink plenty of lemonade not sweetened; never drink tea, coffee, nor any kind of stimulants; do not use soap on the face or neck; take a sponge bath every morning, either cold or tepid, in water made soft with powdered borax, about a teaspoonful in a quart of water.

ALLSTON, (Rolatouri, Va.)—We cannot tell its value. Perhaps it is not an American coin. For the three cent silver-pieces "having fancy prices," there is but little call, as their period only reaches from 1851 to 1873, including both these years. By far the most valuable of all of them is the 1855, a specimen of which is worth $2. From 1862 to 1869 an uncirculated one is worth 30 cents. All the other dates are of small value.

O. P. Q. (Anawank, Miss.)—Good habits ought to mean more than the absence of gross vices. Try to form habits of goodness. There is no reason why it may not be habitual, and a second nature if not a natural, to avoid all disagreeable manners and practices, and to make one's self agreeable. Bad habits can be conquered with a little firmness and perseverance. We can reform a stooping figure, a shambling gait, and many personal defects. So we can reform moral obliquities. Try it; you will succeed.

ANNA, (Amherst, Mass.)—The name Annette is only of two syllables, and is consequently pronounced an-nett. It means "little Annie." If a strange gentleman accosts a lady in the streets and endeavors to enter into conversation with her, she should continue on her way without taking the slightest notice of him. Such becoming and dignified conduct on the part of a young lady will be found the most efficacious means of ridding her of the importunities of a conceited and impudent fellow.

GREEN, (Marion, Ill.)—In chess, castling, on either side, can take place only once in the game. This combined move of the King and Rook is allowed only under the following circumstances: 1. That the King has not previously moved. 2. That the King is not in check. 3. That in moving, the King neither moves into check or passes a square commanded by an adverse or checking piece. 4. That the Rook has not previously moved. 5. That the squares between King and Rook, on either King's or Queen's side, be vacant.

LOTTIE M. (American, Miss.)—If you had mentioned your age we should have been better able to advise you; because if you are three and four and twenty, for instance, we should say that you have a right to consult your own happiness in your love affairs rather than yield to the entreaties of your friends by espousing one whom you cannot like. But, on the other hand, if you are under twenty, we should earnestly advise you to reflect well upon the counsel of your friends, because in this case they are more likely to form a correct judgment than you yourself are.

M. G. (Phila., Pa.)—A moderate time for courtship is from twelve to eighteen months. This of course depends greatly on circumstances; but the length of courtship should not be unnecessarily extended. It is this sort of fashion—namely, that of an interminable wooing, that gives occasion to the young man's objecting to matrimony, when the same was urged upon him by his lady-love. "My dear," said he, "if we were married I don't know where I could spend my evenings!" Many a young lady becomes weary of the tedious delay of her suitor, And many an anxious suitor grows weary of the unnecessary scruples of the fair one.

E. M. (Phila., Pa.)—It is impossible to fix any date for the custom of kissing under the mistletoe. An antiquary states that it is an indubitable relic of the days of Druidism; but, whether he thereby means that the Archpriest saluted the Druidesses beneath the mystic bush with a holy kiss we do not know. The symbolism suggested by the tree adhering to the oak, having no root of its own and being a parasite, is apparent. Again, the mistletoe was sacred to Balder, the Scandinavian god of poetry and eloquence, and second son of Odin and Frigg; but whether the Northern Apollo had anything to do with kisses we forbear to say, the Southern one had.

MADGE, (Camden, N. J.)—Your little daughter will probably have to be soothed and loved out of her state of chronic peevishness and irritation. Your physician having informed you that such a state on the part of the child is constitutional to some extent, and also the result of physical debility, you should of course not think of punishing her for her peevishness nor for any conduct that may flow therefrom. As to all such matters she is not morally responsible, and punishment of any kind would most certainly injure her. You should amuse her, give her plenty of play and exercise, keep her mentally and bodily busy at things which will enlist her sympathies and supply her intellectual and moral nature with grateful nourishment. In this way she may be developed out of her present unfortunate state, and be made to become all that you could desire.

BOUCHER, (Clermont, O.)—A girl who will become acquainted with a man without a proper introduction is likely enough to play him false when he falls in love with her. She is the sort of girl to be fond of an adventure, no matter how she gets into it, and is lacking in good breeding and maidenly reserve. So when another fellow comes along who attracts her fancy for the moment, she will pick him up and take a mischievous delight in running two flirtations at once. Your sweetheart is rude also. The intention of her remark was of course to give you a very broad hint to take your hat and leave, so that she might get off to the ball in time with the other man, who perhaps may have been all the while in the next room. What should you do in reference to the matter? Why, stop calling on the rude and faithless girl; banish her from your thoughts, and never again be guilty of the folly of escaping an acquaintance with a chance woman.

PERPLEXITY, (Canada.)—To a person of your evident intelligence there should be nothing perplexing in the duties of a groomsman. If you are called upon to act, regulate your dress upon that of the groom. Since you are able, let it be nearly set but quite as elegant as his own. It is not actually incumbent on you to wear a particular costume, and if you do not care to follow Fashion's decrees in that respect, use what you please, so long as it is becoming and suitable to your position. A black or dark blue frock coat and vest, with lighter-colored pantaloons, should if possible be your choice. In some fashionable marriages it is usual for the groom to present his groomsman or groomsmen with frock coats for the occasion. The duties of a groomsman may vary from little or nothing to being very onerous, according to the character of the wedding. We have not the space at command to state them. There are works on etiquette which may be had at any bookstore for a small sum, that will give you all the necessary information on the subject. You might ask to be excused on any of the grounds alleged, but there would be danger of such a plea hurting your interests